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OUR KIN'
ACROSS THE SEA

MR. FROUDE'S BOOKS ON THE COLONIES.

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OUR KIN ACROSS THE SEA

BY

J. C. FIRTH
11

WITH A PREFACE BY J. A. FROUDE



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P R E F A C E.



THIS LITTLE BOOK is its own sufficient recommendation, and to those who read it will need no other. The author, however, being a stranger in England, has desired me to say in a few words who he is, and what claims he possesses on the attention of his fellow-countrymen.

Mr. Firth is one of the oldest and one of the most distinguished of the New Zealand colonists. He settled in the North Island of New Zealand between thirty and forty years ago. By steady industry and by unblemished integrity of conduct he rose into wealth and influence. While he discharged his duty as a citizen, he has never meddled with professional politics. He has kept clear of speculation, attending steadily to his own business.

He has been a merchant. He has developed mines and railroads. He became a large land-owner, and when I was in New Zealand he was trying on his estate with marked success the American methods of farm management. But he has opposed always the system of land monopoly from which the colony has suffered so seriously. He has desired to see, and to the best of his ability has promoted, the dispersion of the people over the country, that each family might live in independence on property of their own. Like every well-informed and really patriotic colonist, he has watched with regret and alarm the overgrowth of the towns by the crowding of the workmen into them under the temptation of high wages and town amusements. In private life he is known as a gentleman and a man of honour. In public he has thrown the weight of his high character always on the side of measures best calculated to further the moral improvement of the population.

How earnestly he desires to see the bonds strengthened which unite the mother country and

the colonies, will be seen in his own words. Whether the means which he would wish to see adopted are at present available, is a matter on which there will be differences of opinion. They are economic heresies, as political economy now stands. But science in human affairs yields under pressure to other considerations. Mr. Firth has read much, and has thought and observed more, and what he says deserves and will receive respectful attention. He is not a man of letters. He makes no attempts at style or literary ornament. His object is merely to set down in the plainest possible language his own observations and reflections. In the work before us he describes a tour through the United States ; and hackneyed and threadbare as the subject has become, Mr. Firth brings to it a new mind, and he has studied his American cousins from an original point of view. We have had impressions of the Great Republic from Englishmen, from Irishmen, from French and Germans ; but we have here, I believe for the first time, the impressions of a colonist ; and from the similarity of

circumstance (the United States and our own self-governed colonies being alike offshoots of Great Britain which have developed governments and societies of their own), a New Zealander or an Australian will notice and draw conclusions from symptoms common to all of them which escape the eye of visitors from the Old World.

Macaulay's New Zealand traveller has not yet appeared. The phenomena which he was to moralise over are not yet ripe for him. Mr. Firth in the interval tells us what he thinks about America; and with his eyes to help us we shall learn, better than from most other books which have been written about it, the form which the British communities scattered over the globe are now assuming, in what points they agree, and in what direction differences are likely to show themselves.

Some day we hope to see Mr. Firth among ourselves. He will not be the New Zealander that is to come. St. Paul's is not yet in ruins. The arches of London Bridge are still sound, nor, so far

as I know, is Mr. Firth an artist to sketch them if they were ready for him. Should he come to England, it would be to promote the confederation so vague as yet in form, but so eagerly desired, from which the mother country will receive, in the attachment of the children who still belong to her, a fresh lease of Imperial greatness, if ever statesmen rise among us who are equal to so grand a work.

Meanwhile we will be thankful for what he has already given us.

J. A. FROUDE.

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OUR KIN ACROSS THE SEA

CHAPTER I.

A PACIFIC VOYAGE.

SOME old cynic in the last century once said 'that going to sea in a ship was like going to prison, with a chance of being drowned.' Nevertheless, in these days a ship is much the pleasanter prison of the two, especially if the prison is a first-class steamer like the Union Company's s.s. 'Mararoa,' on which I and others have just completed the run from Auckland to San Francisco (1887). The voyage was without a history ; a condition as happy for *voyageurs* as for nations. A fresh westerly breeze accompanied us a thousand miles on our voyage ; the wind then, veering round to the east, brought us hot, muggy weather. Two days of this, and the north-east trades set in. The captain expected the

south-east trades ; but I understand captains generally say there is something wrong with the trades, so it did not matter. Anyway we found the north-east trades very fresh, cool, and pleasant. We had no fierce heat, no tropical storms, and the 'Pacific' Ocean in our case was worthy of its name. We had no grand sunsets, no events ; nothing but the ocean, the grand, the vast, illimitable, incomprehensible ocean.

Oh ! the infinity of it !

On the bosom of this mighty world of waters, what atoms we were ! If our big steamer, with all our small selves, had gone to the bottom, we should have made a very small hole in the water for a second or two, and the waves of this vast ocean would surge and toss and heave as if nothing had happened. Nay, if all the navies, all the cities, all the towns, with all the thousand millions of living men, earth, and all their works, were to be sunk in this grand ocean, the mighty waters would surge and toss and heave as if nothing—nothing at all—had happened.

The little kettles of boilers of our steamers and factories, what a fuss and a screech they make

when they blow off steam. Yes, indeed ; what very small kettles they are compared to this vast Pacific Ocean Boiler, vapourising I don't know how many thousand million tons of water every twenty-four hours, and supplying half the world with vapour, clouds, and rain, and life, and health, and beauty.

What very small flies we are on the great wheel of Nature ! How great our pride, how small our deeds ! We fume and fret, and our feeble intellects doubt and deny, and then—then we 'drift away into the silences.'

On the sixth day from Auckland we touched at Tuituila, an emerald isle set in an ocean of ultramarine. Two or three canoes with outriggers put off to us, their crews diving for the silver coins pitched overboard by the passengers.

These islanders are much like the Maoris of New Zealand, but of a lighter colour. I noticed several Maori words in their talk. Whilst these amphibious fellows were diving into the blue depths of this grand ocean, my thoughts turned to those hardy navigators of the long-ago, the progenitors of the Maori nation, who, twenty-three generations

ago, boldly undertook that great voyage of a thousand miles or more, which terminated at New Zealand. Whether their canoes were provided with outriggers, or whether they were double canoes, it is not easy to determine, as no trace of either have I ever seen used by the present generation of Maoris. Yet one or the other they must have been, for no single canoe could possibly survive the storms even of so peaceful an ocean as the Pacific. What food they carried, and where they stowed it, or how they carried sufficient fresh water, is a mystery. The fact, however, remains. These dauntless men and women dared the dangers of the deep, and accomplished a voyage before which that of Jason and the Argonauts sinks into comparative insignificance. What an eloquent story of peril, hardship, and victory the Greek poets would have told of such a voyage as that made by these ancient Maori navigators! All honour to them. No wonder that their descendants, the Maoris of our times, are accounted the noblest of 'savage' men with which civilisation has come into contact—has come into contact alas! but to destroy.

Off Tuituila the s.s. 'Explorer' awaited the mails for some of the islands. The 'Mararoa' gave her usual siren scream to announce her departure. The natives tried to mimic the screech, but failed miserably, for no wild war-whoop made by savage men, no yell or roar ever made by wild beast, can equal the agonising howl made by these 'siren screechers.' There is a story told of these 'siren screechers' which shows the serio-comic effects they sometimes produce. In a pleasant little suburb near one of our New Zealand ports there dwelt, not long ago, a very jolly gentleman of middle age. He was a bachelor. His household consisted of his housekeeper—a widow lady—and one maid. Kindly considerate for the enjoyment of his dependents, he had allowed his housekeeper to visit her friends in the country. He, being a very regular man, had retired early, leaving the maid to admit the housekeeper. He had been asleep some hours, when he was suddenly awakened by loud and agonising screams. 'Good Heavens!' said he, starting up in a terrible fright, 'they are murdering that poor woman at my very door.' Everything being quiet, however, and not caring

exactly to run downstairs, he waited to see if anything more would come of it. He was dropping off to sleep when again that dreadful scream yelled out its long-drawn notes of terror. He perspired at every pore ; his hair—the little he had—stood on end. ‘The villains,’ said he ; ‘they are killing the poor creature. I must save her.’ Rushing downstairs to the outer door, he instantly unlocked it, and in great fear and trembling looked into the darkness, but saw—nothing. Venturing outside, he searched all round, but still could find no evidence of a bloody deed. Not a trace of the poor woman could be found. Violently slamming the door and locking it, to keep the wretches out, he ran upstairs to rouse the maidservant. ‘Jane,’ he roared out, ‘did you hear that dreadful scream ? The villains have killed the poor housekeeper.’ Jane woke up at once. ‘Killed the housekeeper, sir—where ?’ ‘In the garden, I fear,’ said he. ‘That cannot be,’ replied the girl, ‘for I let her in hours ago.’ ‘Let her in ? We’ll soon see ;’ and knocking violently at the housekeeper’s door, he called out, ‘Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones, are you there ?’ ‘Yes, sir,’ replied, after a short interval, that poor

woman, for her long walk had tired her. After this reply, our jolly bachelor scuttled off to bed without another word, wondering what on earth the horrid yells could mean. Next morning he learnt that one of the Union Company's steamers had arrived during the night, announcing her appearance by the newly-introduced 'siren screecher.' That was all.

The neighbourhood of these South Sea Islands reminds me that Professor Huxley, after his supposed victory in the 'Nineteenth Century' over Mr. Gladstone, has once more plumed his feathers for an attack, again in the 'Nineteenth Century,' on the God of the Bible. Curiously enough, the Professor finds in one of the islands of the Pacific Ocean materials for this attack. He selects the times of the prophet Samuel, describing the God of Samuel's day as a very inferior sort of personage. The learned Professor tells us that he has met with a book detailing the adventures and experiences in Tonga of an illiterate European youth who had lived many years on the island. This illiterate person recounted to the writer of the book many traditions and ideas about the Tongan

gods, &c. From these materials the Professor demonstrates (?)—to his own satisfaction at least—that the Tongan gods and the God of the Bible in Samuel's day were very similar in character. The learned Professor arrives at this conclusion by the not uncommon process of looking through the large end of the telescope at the object he desires to reduce, and through the small end of the telescope at what he wishes to 'loom large.' After this examination he declares the God of Samuel's times and the Tongan gods to be very similar indeed. Not satisfied with this discovery, the Professor goes on to say that the fifth commandment, 'Honour thy father and thy mother,' is practically the 'ancestor worship' of some ancient nations, and similar to the 'ancestor worship' of the Tongans.

The learned Professor during many years has made many valuable contributions to scientific knowledge; but when, in his new character of 'theological tutor,' he seeks to destroy our belief in 'the God of the Bible,' and to destroy 'filial duty,' one of the chief foundations of our social life, he may find that he has mistaken his vocation, and

that Christendom will revolt against his feeble attempt to destroy the foundations of religious, moral, and social life.

On the eighth day from Auckland we glided across the line into the old world. Though I had not been there for thirty-two years or more, curiously enough I could not perceive any difference, except perhaps an odd sort of home feeling. A few flying-fish appeared, and some porpoises amused us by their gambols. Neptune did not board us, nor did the doldrums bother us, as in the old days of sailing ships. Our noble steamer sped on her way; 320 knots every twenty-four hours. Nothing surprised me more than the absence of sunshine. For some degrees north and south of the line the ocean was usually grey and the sky cloudy.

The steamer remaining a few hours at Honolulu gave me an opportunity of visiting the town and suburbs. The 'Mararoa' entered the harbour by a passage cut through the coral reef which surrounds the island. The accommodation for large steamers surprised me much, and the town surprised me more. Well laid out, good roads, many good

buildings, legislative halls, a grand palace, large hotels, handsome Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, large churches, 450 subscribers of five pounds each to the telephone exchange, about 250 vehicles plying for hire, with perhaps as many more run on private account. I was surprised at the breeding and condition of most of the horses, which, though light, were active and up to their work.

There is a large market, mainly run by Chinese, where beef, vegetables, fruit of many kinds, and a good many other things besides, can be obtained in great variety. The natives are very much like Maoris, but taller, fatter, and much softer and milder mannered. The town of Honolulu is imbedded in foliage of living green. The royal palm, the magnificent ornamental cocoanut palm, and bananas, grow everywhere. One most handsome tree, of deep green foliage, and covered with magnificent scarlet flowers, was a picture of floral beauty. The drives through the suburbs are very pleasant. This is the land of flowers. Of some of these the natives have a pretty custom of making garlands, which they wear round their necks in a

most graceful fashion. Just behind the town is a picturesque mass of volcanic mountain peaks, several thousand feet high. During my stay masses of cloud gathered round the summits, and, illuminated by the setting sun, presented a cloud-land picture of striking beauty. The temperature was very pleasant, and, I was told, varies but a few degrees all the year round. The islands are evidently extremely fertile. They are famous for their sugar yields, averaging five or six tons per acre without manures. Irrigation from the mountain streams is being introduced with great advantage. The islands contain about 80,000 inhabitants, including 18,000 Chinese, 4,000 Portuguese, 5,000 Americans, and perhaps 3,000 English. The islands have been hitherto 'run' mainly by the Americans under the inspiration and direction of Colonel Claus Spreckles, the gentleman who now runs the Sydney and San Francisco mail line. This gentleman, with whom I had subsequently a pleasant interview in San Francisco, is not only 'The Sugar King' of this part of the world, but, at Honolulu, is the power behind the throne, only far more powerful than the King himself. To him, nearly all the

wonderful progress the Hawaiian Islands have made of late years is mainly due. The indebtedness for all the public works hitherto done does not amount to more than one year's revenue.

His Majesty King Kalakaua is a very handsome personage, not unlike a first-class Maori chief, with the manners and address of a well-bred English gentleman. His income is about 12,000*l.* per annum, which he spends in quite a royal fashion. He had the courtesy to send down his splendid band—entirely of natives, except the bandmaster—to play the steamer off. This really magnificent band, in the great American band contest at San Francisco last year, carried off most of the prizes. They played many well-known English pieces, closing with 'Auld Lang Syne,' and 'God save the Queen,' which they rendered with wonderful spirit, taste, and style. On behalf of the passengers, I thanked His Majesty for his courtesy, to which he replied in a speech, which, for pronunciation, grammar, and well-turned periods, few cultured English gentlemen could have surpassed.

With hearty English cheers we parted from the great crowds of these kindly genial people, who

had come down to bid us God-speed on our voyage. The natives, it is said, are diminishing, a circumstance which one cannot but regret. These grand islands, with the neighbouring groups, I think ought not to be allowed to fall into the hands of any European power. An Island Confederation under a protectorate of England, the United States, Germany, and perhaps France, may possibly be the *rôle* for the next quarter of a century, when circumstances may give rise to developments as yet unforeseen.

France and Germany, owing to the supineness of England, are rapidly acquiring the various island groups in the Pacific ; nevertheless, it may be found in the not far-off future, that neither French nor Germans will dominate the Pacific, but that Australasia will be ruled by Australasians

We all parted from these interesting people, and from the beautiful gem of the ocean they inhabit, with very pleasant remembrances.

A few more uneventful days and nights, and we swept through the Golden Gate, and anchored in the noble harbour of San Francisco—the Queen of the Pacific

So ended our voyage. Stepping from the orderly deck of the 'Mararoa' to the noisy wharf, we said our 'Good-bye' to Captain Eadie and his officers, who merit the reputation they have earned. Attentive to their duties, polite to their passengers, firm without being rude, courteous without being familiar—in a word—fine specimens of the English sailors who are carrying English commerce and English people over every sea.

CHAPTER II.

INTRODUCTORY.

A RECENT business tour made in 1887, through the States of California, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Colorado, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, and Kansas, has afforded me an opportunity of making a fuller acquaintance with our 'kin across the sea' in the United States, by personal contact, patient inquiry, and close investigation of their characteristics, politics, and achievements, than my previous knowledge of American institutions, and literature of various kinds, had given me.

I may say that I entered upon this inquiry with a deep interest in the social, industrial, and political problems which our American kindred are endeavouring to solve under different conditions, and on a grander scale, than has been attempted

by any nation of ancient or modern times. My interest in the solution of these great questions was none the less, inasmuch as I felt that the people of the United States were doing, though as yet on a greater scale, very similar work to that which the Australasian Colonies, and indeed the whole English colonial world are engaged in.

Though an Englishman to the core, I felt that as a Colonist I had perhaps more points of contact, possibly, in some respects, a deeper sympathy, with men of the same race, who are engaged in what has been well termed 'the heroic work of colonisation,' than our countrymen who stay at home at ease.

Thackeray, in the 'Virginians,' wrote, many years ago, that the 'foolish exactions, petty ignominies, and the habitual insolence of Englishmen towards all foreigners, all colonists, all folk who dare to think their rivers as good as English rivers ; the natural spirit of men outraged by our injurious domineering spirit, set Britain and our American Colonies to quarrel ; and the astonishing blunders of the system adopted in England, brought the quarrel to an issue which I, for one, am not going

to deplore.' A century of misunderstanding and ill-will between England and America followed. Happily, a second century opened with a more friendly feeling between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. The settlement of the Alabama difficulty ; the tragic death of President Garfield, calling forth, as it did, an electric flash of sympathy throughout the English world, did much to make Englishmen and Americans feel that they were once more ' kin.'

Nevertheless, Americans complain that the demeanour of many Englishmen passing through the United States, still betrays too much of the old insular insolence. Without being blind to their errors or follies, our American cousins have a right to expect a more generous sympathy for their failures, and a more genial appreciation of their successes, than is at all times accorded them by Englishmen.

It is with something of this latter spirit that, in the following pages, I shall endeavour to pass in brief review some of the vast and varied questions which presented themselves to me for consideration.

In dealing with these greater subjects, if I incidentally touch here and there upon smaller matters, it will be because I think that, not infrequently, trifles go far to make 'the sum of human things.' If now and then I laugh at a folly, note a peculiarity, criticise a custom, or denounce an abuse, it will not be, I hope, in a censorious spirit.

It may, perhaps, be asked, How can a man get a fair idea of a great nation by traversing 8,000 miles of its railways, and spending a few days here and there in some of its great cities? I may ask, in reply, How is the work I have set myself to do, to be done? It may be suggested that a carriage and a pair of fleet horses would have secured a more leisurely survey. That may be so. But would such a method not have required a lifetime, with the result of a library of books, full of figures, and small dry details? And when so accomplished, would not such a record of a people living under high pressure, become in this living, throbbing age, antiquated and useless? I think so. If I am to contribute my small effort towards the general weal, I must use the 'opportunity as it serves, or lose my ventures.' In doing so, I must necessarily

make not a few mistakes, and draw some conclusions perhaps not always just. These, if such there be, will be due, not to ill-will; but to imperfect information.

Still, if I have conducted my inquiries regarding the politics, the enterprise, the achievements, the laws of health, the conditions of life, and the moral and social pulsations under which a great and kindred nation is working out its destiny—if I have done this, not in a severe, fault-finding spirit, but with a generous consideration for the failures which, in my judgment, may have been made, and with a frank acknowledgment of the successes which have been achieved, I may not unreasonably hope that my delineations of ‘Our Kin Across the Sea’ will be accepted by them and others in a spirit not very different from that in which they have been made.

It is due to myself to say that, in traversing the various States of the Union I visited, I have had numberless conversations and discussions with representative men of all classes—Governors, senators, politicians, bankers, capitalists, physicians, lawyers, manufacturers, merchants, ranchmen,

farmers, and working men of various kinds. I have, in many cases, when the more important questions were being discussed, intimated to the gentlemen taking part in the discussions, that the result of my investigations would appear in the columns of a leading New Zealand journal. I may also state, that many of the opinions in these articles upon 'Our Kin Across the Sea' are often the opinions of the various representative men who have taken part in the discussions I have conducted. The conclusions I have formed, though sometimes dissented from, were quite as often accepted as fair and honest. In every case I endeavoured to conduct my inquiries and to express my criticisms with perfect frankness, yet, I trust, with the courtesy and consideration with which I was met on every hand.

In concluding this chapter, it only remains for me to say that I venture to hope our American kinsfolk will understand that the object of these papers is not to indulge in flattery or fault-finding, is not to wound the sensibilities of a great, and in many respects a noble, nation, but to see, after a very humble fashion, whether the American, who

is none other than a second, and, in some respects, an improved edition of his English kinsman, may not afford an example, and, it may be, a warning, to his younger brethren, who, throughout the English colonial world, are treading in his footsteps for weal or woe.

CHAPTER III.

GREAT CITIES.

AMONGST the features which most attract the notice of a traveller in the 'Great West' of the United States (to which my remarks will be mainly directed) are its great cities.

The cities I visited are monuments of American energy and enterprise. The streets of some of them might have been wider, and many of them, especially those of San Francisco, might be better paved; but when it is remembered that these cities of the West, now numbering from 100,000 to 700,000 inhabitants, were, forty years ago, either mere villages or did not exist at all; that in the city of Minneapolis, with its 150,000 people, the oldest person born in it is not yet thirty-two years old; and that in one of the streets of Chicago, with its 700,000 inhabitants, there still stands a tree,

which marks the site of an Indian massacre of the early settlers on the shores of the noble Lake Michigan ; and that men now living picked in their boyish days, from the rugged bark of this memorial tree, the arrow-heads of the shafts sent by Indian warriors against the tortured fathers of the future city : we may well be amazed that so much has been done, and, in the main, so well done, in so short a time.

Generally speaking, these great cities of the West are well laid out. In many of them long avenues, lined with deciduous trees, stretch far into the level country, affording grateful shade and remarkably pleasant drives in every direction. Though I regretted the general absence of open squares within the city limits, the handsome parks outside provided abundant breathing-places for the crowded toilers of the city. The splendid parks, avenues, and boulevards which surround the city of Chicago, bear honourable testimony to the munificent and far-seeing spirit of its citizens, both private and public.

The introduction and general adoption of the passenger elevator, by permitting the erection of

lofty buildings, some of them nine and ten stories high, has given American cities a massive and grand appearance. San Francisco, the Queen of the West, is a picturesque city. The bay windows in general use, with their broken lines and deep shadows, with the irregular height of the buildings and the broken contour of their upper lines, give a character to the street architecture of San Francisco more artistic and pleasant than I noticed in any other city I visited. San Francisco, I believe, was the first city to adopt the cable system of street tramways, a system so convenient and effective that I presume nothing but the heavy expense of its initial construction prevents the universal adoption of the cable tramcar system.

STREET OBSTRUCTIONS.

In all these great cities, which are busy hives of manufacturing industry, little attention appears to be paid to the convenience, or even to the safety, of the people who traverse the sidewalks. Many of these sidewalks serve for the roofs of underground stores. These are entered through aper-

tures in the pavement of all sizes, from two feet to six feet square. The iron doors of these cellars, when open, serve as awkward barriers to prevent foot passengers from falling down headlong. On the principal sidewalks it is no uncommon thing for a storekeeper or merchant to place rows of carriages, piles of casks, cases, and almost anything else he pleases. In the busy side streets, it is a common practice to place on the sidewalks pieces of bulky machinery, long lines of car wheels, and all manner of angular obstructions, sometimes lying, not for an hour or two, but for days and weeks, doubtless greatly to the convenience of the proprietor of the adjoining warehouse or manufactory, though not quite as pleasant to pedestrians. I have even seen a sixteen-foot steam boiler lying on a sidewalk for weeks together.

THE 'DIVE.'

In most of the cities they adopt a very direct mode of entering the cellars, by a flight of steps, protected on one side of the path by an iron rail, but open at one end, so that the man in search of

whisky or lager beer may make an easy descent to the 'dive' or saloon below, where these articles are to be had. A 'dive' is the name given to a third- or fourth-class saloon. It is a place or hole where men go to imbibe various drinks, in some cases dispensed by faded, painted, gaudily-dressed women, some of whom amuse the drinking crowd by singing popular or peculiar songs. In this way, women, wine, and music are pressed into the service of the man who 'runs' the dive, to his own profit, and often to the ruin, body and soul, of those who frequent his den.

THE SALOON.

The saloon is a drinking shop, of a better class. It is entered from the level of the pavement. It is a place where various drinks are dispensed to more respectable, but not less thirsty, people than the class which drinks at the 'dive.' In the saloon, men are generally the dispensers. One of the superior saloons I inspected was brilliant with glass and light, its walls being mounted with paintings, some of which might, with advantage to good morals, have been turned to the walls.

The number of 'dives' and 'saloons' in most of the cities where 'prohibition' laws are not in force is very great. In San Francisco these are said to exceed 2,000; and in Chicago, the 'Tribune,' a leading journal of that city, states the number of these houses to be 3,400. I understand that, though laws exist for their inspection, they are, in some cities, only very partially enforced. As a consequence, they are, practically, open at almost all hours, Sundays included. These establishments provide no accommodation for travellers—being drinking shops pure and simple. They are said to be centres of political intrigue, and to exercise a very dangerous influence, in various ways, on the political questions and organisations of the day. The 'Chicago Tribune' of October 2 says of the 'dives':—'How do matters stand in Chicago? The dives and doggeries are running wide open. They swarm with thieves, sluggers, thugs, and prostitutes. They make no pretence of regarding the law, because they know that the Mayor will not enforce it against them. They know that, do what they please, violate their bonds as they please, he will not revoke their licenses. Orgies are kept

up in them until long after the hours when they are required to be closed. Robberies are an everyday affair, and murders are continually increasing. The character of these places is not only known to the Mayor from newspaper reports, but from the official reports of his own police captains. These places have been reported to him over and over again, with recommendations that the license be revoked, and, in more than one case, after their keepers have been convicted of crimes even worse than keeping disorderly dens, and yet he admits there has been but one license revoked since last May, and in that case, it is believed, the party was not a voter. The police have grown discouraged ; for what use is it to report cases when no attention is paid to them ? ’

BELT RAILWAYS.

The great cities of the West are, as I have said, hives of industry. Each is the vigorous beating heart of the surrounding country, a great railway centre, by which it receives and distributes the varied products which an enterprising, ener-

getic, industrious, and luxurious people require. Of course all great cities do the same ; but the Western cities of the United States appear to me to do it more effectually, and with less friction, than is done in other cities I have visited. America is not only far ahead of all other countries in the extent of its railways, but in the effective manner in which it applies them. Indianapolis, for instance—a city of about 110,000 inhabitants—has sixteen lines of railway diverging from it, with one hundred and twenty passenger trains arriving at, or departing from, its central depôt daily. By the adoption of the admirable ‘ belt ’ system—that is, a railway, in this case, fourteen miles in length, running round the city, with which all the railways connect—the city is relieved of much bustle and heavy traffic ; very much more room is afforded for manufacturing operations, much expense saved and damage prevented by unnecessary handling of goods of all kinds. I cannot but regard the man who invented the ‘ belt ’ system of railways as a genuine genius and as a great benefactor to his fellows.

STATE FAIRS.

In almost every city I visited 'State Fairs' were being held; sometimes in large and handsome buildings erected for the purpose, each city vying with its neighbour in the beauty of the building and in the quality and excellence of the exhibits. These annual fairs are exhibitions chiefly of the products of the agricultural and manufacturing arts. They attract great numbers of people, and by bringing inventions and machinery of all kinds into close contrast and competition, they undoubtedly exert a very stimulating and beneficial influence in every direction.

ASYLUMS.

I was pleased to learn that the poor, the sick, and the insane were generally, both in town and country, carefully and wisely provided for. I was informed that the number of insane patients was large, and that in some districts they largely consisted of farmers, and more particularly of farmers'

wives. If that be true, possibly isolation and heavy, hard work may to some extent account for it.

CHICAGO.

The great heart of the West is Chicago. This great city, with its 700,000 inhabitants, is in various ways a striking instance of the marvellous enterprise and indomitable energy of the American people. Ten years ago, an area of three and a half square miles of the finest part of the city was burnt down by the explosion of a kerosene lamp. Almost before the fires were extinguished, the smoke-begrimed inhabitants set to work to rebuild their city on the old lines. They would not give themselves time to rearrange and widen the streets, and so lost an opportunity which, it is to be hoped, will never again be given them. Notwithstanding the narrow streets, the lofty buildings of a plain but massive architecture invest the city with an unmistakable grandeur. The black fumes of the innumerable factories of every kind have rendered the city as black and dingy as if it were centuries old. Except in the main

streets, the sidewalks are chiefly of wood, full of steps, holes, and traps. Even in some of the main streets, flights of three or four steps, entirely unprotected by railing, descend from the well-paved sidewalks to the basement floors of pretentious buildings. These holes, traps, and steps render walking in the streets at all times unpleasant, and, at night, not a little dangerous.

THE RIVER AND MAIN SEWER.

The Chicago river, 280 feet wide, though affording great shipping facilities to a limited number of riparian proprietors, is a great obstruction and a dangerous nuisance to a much larger number of the inhabitants. It is a receptacle for much of the sewage of the great city. It would be more dangerous to health than it is at present had it poured all its pestiferous contents into Lake Michigan, from which Chicago obtains its water for drinking and other purposes. Happily for the city, the engineers, by cutting a canal, and employing other appliances, have turned the river, with much of its sewage abominations, into a

distant river, so partially freeing the pure waters of Lake Michigan from pollution.

SWING-BRIDGES.

At the various streets which cross this filthy stream its navigation is secured by iron swing-bridges. When a steamer going up or down stream with a vessel in tow arrives at a bridge, a signal bell is rung, and the bridge swings round for the vessels to pass. When these have passed, the bridge swings back, and the bell rings to show that the bridge is again in position. It is curious to see the alacrity which the long lines of waggons, buggies, tramcars, and vehicles of all sorts, use to cross before it again swings open. The signal-bell again sounds its warning note, and, as the ponderous bridge swings off, many a lagging passenger has to make a perilous leap ashore. Then begins a new accumulation of a long line of vehicles and foot passengers on each side of the bridge. Not unfrequently, before the bridge again closes, a hundred waggons and carriages will be massed in a long right or left line on either side of the bridge.

A regular jam ensues. The crush is often tremendous, and the language of the drivers, if not choice, is equalled by the excitement of the surging crowd. The bridge again swings round, and a grand stampede across it follows in opposite directions. And so on all day long.

How the people submit to such continual obstructions in great thoroughfares is a puzzle to me. I fancy it would pay the city to buy out the riparian owners, and close up the dirty stream, leaving only sluice gates at the lake to carry away the whole of its foul abominations to the far-distant Ohio valley.

CHICAGO STREETS AT NIGHT.

Those who have not seen the effect of the electric light in the streets of a great city at night, can form no adequate idea of the splendour of the illumination, created by the starlike brilliancy of the magnificent arc lights. I have said starlike; but the electric lights shine with a thousandfold the brightness of stars of the first magnitude. A night drive at eight P.M. through the principal

streets of Chicago, with its innumerable gas-lights, transformed into golden globes by the dazzling splendour of the silvery arc lights scattered along the streets in wild profusion, is a spectacle worth seeing. When the use of electric lights becomes general, the effect will far surpass the wildest dreams of the imagination.

CHAPTER IV.

PHYSICAL FEATURES.

THE great physical features of the United States may be briefly stated to be one vast plain, bounded on the east by the Alleghany Mountains, and on the west by the Rocky Mountains. Further west the Sierra Nevada range flanks the Pacific Coast.

Between the Rocky and the Nevada ranges lies a great desert plain, sometimes termed the Great Central Basin. This latter term I shall employ in describing this peculiar and interesting region.

AREA.

The total area of the United States is about 3,100,000 square miles, or about 100,000 square miles larger than Australasia. About one-third of this area may be taken to be mountains and desert

plains, the remainder, or about 2,000,000 square miles, may be described as one vast level plain of fertile land, through which rolls the mighty Mississippi River, with its grand tributary the Missouri River, and a host of smaller tributary rivers. Between the Rocky and the Alleghany Mountains lies, as I have said, the great valley of the Mississippi. Throughout this vast plain, a large portion of which I traversed, I did not observe one blue mountain peak or range. Indeed, I did not see any elevations which might be termed anything more than hills. The effect, in various ways, of such a configuration of country upon its inhabitants is, I think, very marked, to which I shall return in a subsequent chapter, when I describe more at length this grand fertile region, and the industrious people who dwell there.

Meantime, let me return to the mountain regions lying west of the great Mississippi Valley. First, I may shortly describe California, the most western State of the Union, lying chiefly between the Sierra Nevada Mountains and the Pacific Ocean.

GRAIN AND FRUIT.

California, or the Pacific Slope, has a climate very different, and much superior, to that of the rest of the United States. It has a long, dry, hot summer, extremely suitable for growing wheat, barley, and fruit of every description. The vine thrives well and yields grapes in great profusion. Some varieties—the purple Damascus, for instance—being excellent table fruits, others well adapted for wine making. The climate of the western slope of the Sierras is superb, so delightful and healthy, that I think a large emigration from the intense summer heat and severe winter cold of the Eastern States will eventually take place. The long dry summer of California, though very suitable for fruits of all kinds, has the effect of burning up every particle of verdure, imparting a yellow hue to the whole country. This long dry season has some advantages, but I prefer the climate of New Zealand, which, having neither intense heat nor severe cold, with its rains, in the main, distributed over the year, secures a perpetual verdure. Though

these frequent rains must always prevent the chief part of New Zealand from being a land of vineyards, they, with its mild climate, enable it to produce beef and mutton much more tender, and of a far better flavour, than can ever be produced in any part of the United States I visited ; whilst the genial and equable climate of New Zealand, with its fertile soils, endow it in a much higher degree with all the elements needed to render life more easy, more healthy, and more enjoyable, than any portion of the United States which passed under my review.

SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

With this brief digression, let us now traverse the Sacramento Valley, rich in wheatfields, vineyards, and orchards. This magnificent valley is well watered by the Sacramento and American rivers. The yields of wheat of a fine quality from this fertile district were formerly very great ; as much as fifty bushels per acre being at first common. But by the exhaustive system of growing wheat from the same ground for many successive years,

without the application of fertilisers, the quantity has much diminished ; and, what is even more serious, the quality of the wheat has become greatly deteriorated. For, though the wheat is still a bright, handsome grain, the important quality of 'strength,' or gluten, has been greatly reduced, causing Californian flour to be what millers term 'weak.' Many of these old wheat lands are being turned into orchards and vineyards with good effect. As I traversed the valley I noticed that the vicious system of burning the standing straw, from which the grain had been 'headed,' prevailed to a very large extent.

HYDRAULIC MINING.

As we swept up the valley I noticed with regret to what a serious extent the Sacramento and American rivers had been filled up and injured by the vast quantities of gravel and *débris* carried into them by hydraulic mining. To so great an extent had these rivers and adjacent streams been injured by the process, that, a year or two ago, the farmers took action in the Courts of Law to prevent further

damage. They were successful, all hydraulic mining throughout California having been summarily stopped, and a very large number of miners thrown out of employment. However hardly this peremptory stoppage of hydraulic mining may have borne on many industrious miners of small or large capital, there can be no question that the Courts were absolutely right, both in law and equity, in putting an end to a practice which, whilst it enabled miners not only to rifle the hills of their golden contents, leaving nothing but a desert behind them, inflicted a permanent injury on the husbandman, whose descendants would be otherwise pursuing their beneficial occupation for centuries after the last miner had sold his last ounce of the golden metal.

When it is remembered that thousands of industrious miners, by this decision of the Courts, were compelled to abandon their locations, moving in some instances hundreds of miles away to other mining centres, it is a striking testimony to the existence of two grand qualities in the American democracy—obedience to Law and independent self-reliance—for, so far as I could learn, the evacua-

tion of the hydraulic mining locations was made with many a murmur, doubtless, but practically without the aid of a single policeman, or without recourse to the odious begging subscription list, or any demand from the 'unemployed' for help or work.

Nevertheless, the farmer must rightly measure the peculiar circumstances of the country he cultivates, or he, too, will as surely, if more slowly than the miner, impoverish the soil. In a country with long dry summers, like California, in which grasses do not readily grow, one powerful agent in rotation-husbandry is wanting. Until some other plant, which will occupy the place of grass, in rotation farming, has been discovered and utilised, it is certain, to avoid permanent impoverishment of the soil, that either fertilisers must be used, or some crop other than cereals must be produced ; for it is undeniable that, however rich originally these lands may have been in phosphates and other mineral constituents of wheat, continuous cultivation of that grain can only result in a yield steadily diminishing in quantity and quality, to be followed by such a fatal impoverishment of the soil of this

fine country as may ultimately compel large areas of land to be abandoned for a long period to Nature's slowly recuperative forces.

In the midst of this general robbery of the land, it is pleasant to see considerable areas put into orchards and vineyards. The climate and soil seem to me to be very suitable for the cultivation of the olive—a tree which, with fairly generous treatment, after a few years will yield a profitable return for ages to come.

GOLD MINING.

Climbing through the pine-clad hills, we diverge from the main railway line at Colfax, to the gold-mining districts of Grass Valley and Nevada City. These two mining centres are small towns, about 2,500 feet above sea level. The forests are exclusively composed of pines, chiefly of a second growth—the original forests having been cut down. The climate on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, at the time of my visit (October), was cool, bracing, and delightful. The undulating character of the district, the clear running streams, and the deep red volcanic soil reminded me very

much of some parts of New Zealand, except that the hard forms, the rigid foliage, and the dark greens of the pine woods, are very inferior to the soft luxuriance, the endless variety, and the living greenery of New Zealand forests.

The Grass Valley mines have long been, and are now, very prolific in their yields of gold. One of them, the 'Idaho' mine, has for eighteen years continuously paid monthly dividends, the 204th dividend being paid during my visit. The total output from this mine has attained a total value of 1,800,000*l.*, of which the shareholders have received in dividends 800,000*l.* sterling. The workings are now at a depth of about 1,700 feet, and the reef is showing signs of exhaustion as it descends. Most of the mines in this district work seven days per week, and the batteries run on Sunday. The consequences of such a system I shall note in a subsequent chapter. The Idaho mine is an exception, working only six days per week, except the pumps, which of course run continuously. The Providence mine, at Nevada City, is a well-conducted enterprise, the quartz being first treated by an ordinary stamping mill, amalgamated, and tailings concentrated,

the concentrations being roasted and treated by a very complete chlorinisation process, by which all the gold and silver is extracted, with the exception of a value of about twelve dollars per ton of concentrates, which cannot under the present process be saved. The proprietors gave me a quantity of the refuse, to try if we could not extract a portion of the value for them. The towns of Grass Valley and Nevada City are wretched collections of narrow and crooked streets, with small houses and hovels, embowered for the most part in orchards laden at the time of my visit with fruit of excellent quality

AMONGST THE MOUNTAINS.

Returning to the main line of railway, we ascended the Sierra Nevadas, rounding Cape Horn on the way. From this lofty precipice we have a fine view of an Alpine ravine, down which runs a mountain torrent through pine-clad mountains. Crossing the summit, at an elevation of about 8,000 feet, we pass under a continuous line of thirty-five miles of massive timber snow-sheds. The night previous to my crossing the mountains a heavy fall

of snow had covered them to the level of the railroad. The dazzling snow-white carpet made a striking contrast with the deep green of the scattered pines on the mountain slopes. Winding round a mountain lake we strike the Truckee river (rising in Lake Tahoe), a beautiful mountain torrent, which dashes and foams at our side for many miles through a picturesque gorge.

The Truckee river winds its way through the gorge, blocked here and there by granite masses, over which it descends into deep black pools below. The sparkling river dashes along at our side in a constant succession of brawling cataracts, stopping here and there, as it were to rest awhile in quiet pools. Deep ravines run up the mountain side, the brilliant sunshine lighting up every snow-covered peak with a dazzling brilliance difficult to describe. As we descended the gorge the scene became even more beautiful. Here and there a dwarf pine struggled for existence among the hoary rocks. Many brilliantly-tinted mosses, lichens, and Alpine shrubs imparted a rare beauty to the scene, and made it a charming study for the botanist, geologist, and artist.

At length we arrived at Reno, a station on the Central Pacific Railroad.

Diverging at Reno, we run through a pretty valley, enriched by irrigation, to Carson City, on our way to Virginia City, the location of the famous Comstock silver lode.

FABULOUS WEALTH.

Never, perhaps, in the history of mining has so enormous an amount of mineral wealth been obtained in so short a time, from so small an area, as from the renowned Comstock silver lode at Virginia City. Silver bullion to the value of over 60,000,000*l.* sterling was obtained in about three years, from less than half a mile in length of the Comstock lode or reef. Of this sum, over 20,000,000*l.* sterling was obtained from the famous C and C mine controlled by four men, originally diggers, saloon-keepers, &c., who, if report speaks correctly, not satisfied with the enormous wealth they obtained from the mine, stimulated stock-jobbing in mining shares in San Francisco to a frightful extent. So great was the excitement in the Stock Exchange

there, that, under the terrible influence of the silver frenzy, men and women of almost every class madly speculated in mining shares, utterly regardless whether the wealth they so madly sought came from the mines or from the pockets of their friends and neighbours. While these victims of the silver insanity were buying and selling shares, the four arch speculators are credited or debited with having moved them about like pawns in a game, regulating the output of bullion from the mine, as they themselves wished to buy for a rise or sell for a fall.

Looking at the wickedness and villany developed in those mad days, one cannot help thinking that, whilst the average man will buy and sell shares in coal, iron, copper, or lead mines, and remain honest and reasonable, directly he touches the 'royal metals,' and speculates in gold or silver mining shares, he has need to look well to his ways and hold fast to right principles, or he may find, as many have found before, that the glittering temptation grips him like a fiend, and turns him into little better than a beast of prey, callous to the black and hopeless misery he creates, careless who

goes under, so long as he can step to fortune and infamy over the broken fortunes and ruined homes of his victims. As for the archpriests of this unholy fetish of ruthless gambling, their fate awaits them, and they may be left to the Nemesis which pursues, and generally overtakes and punishes, the evil-doer.

After three years of fabulous yields the Comstock mines rapidly fell off. During the seven following years, enormous sums have been expended in sinking and searching for the lost treasure. After sinking to the enormous depth of 3,250 feet, on October 13, the day before my visit, the low levels of the C and C, and Norcross and Savage mines were abandoned, and though some feeble efforts were to be made at the 1,750 feet level, they were said to be practically 'shut down.'

As an instance of the uncertainty attending mining adventures, I may mention that one of the Comstock mining companies, after sinking a shaft over 3,000 feet deep, at a cost of 1,400,000*l.* sterling, had only obtained a gross yield of bullion to the value of 1,400*l.* Before I leave this part of my subject, I may state that one monster pump,

with a pump-rod 3,250 feet in length, weighing 185 tons, lifts 1,000,000 gallons 1,500 feet each twenty-four hours; while three hydraulic pumps in the mine lift in each twenty-four hours 3,500,000 gallons.

CHANGED FORTUNES.

In its palmiest days Virginia City was regarded as the wealthiest, fastest, wickedest little city on earth. The utmost extravagance, the wildest revelry, the grossest immorality prevailed on every hand. It was Pandemonium gone mad. To-day, the city is desolate, and sits, if not in repentance, in *débris* and ruins. The clanking of the mighty pumps, the beating of the giant batteries, no longer wake the echoes of the deserted valley. The revellers have gone. The mad fever has subsided, leaving at least this warning plainly written on the ruins of the deserted city—namely, that whenever Nature makes a supreme effort, and deposits the precious metals in such fabulous abundance on one little spot, as in the Comstock lode, as well as in other places, she has exhausted her wealth-producing force at those points. Whilst a moderately

good mine may be expected to yield bullion in payable quantities for ten years or more, it may be taken as an established fact, that such enormously rich 'pockets' or 'blows' as the Comstock lode or our own Caledonian mine will have but a short life, and, when results are fairly weighed, very often a disastrous one.

Crossing from Reno, the Great Central Desert Basin lying between the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains (which I shall invite my readers to revisit with me in the next chapter), let us now cross to the gold regions of the Rocky Mountains. Those I saw are in the State of Colorado, probably the richest State, in gold and silver, of any State in the Union. In the Black Hawk district, batteries (of which there are 750 stamps running) are the chief reducers of gold in the first instance. These batteries are generally rude affairs, and not equal in gold-saving appliances to the batteries in New Zealand, with the one exception, that they employ machines for concentrating the 'sulphurets' from refractory gold and silver ores. They have one commanding advantage, however, in the great smelting and refining works at Denver.

DENVER.

Denver is rapidly becoming the inland Swansea of America. Its great smelting works are full of interest. All varieties of gold, silver, galena, and other ores are treated, with every aid that science, skill, and capital (largely English) can secure, to the immense advantage of the surrounding country. The city, though not large, is well laid out and handsome ; is perhaps the most brilliantly illuminated by the electric light of any city in the Union, besides being one of the first to apply electricity as a motor for street tramcars. Though the country does not produce a single tree naturally, yet, by irrigation, the city and suburbs are gay with avenues of leafy shade-trees. English capital is largely invested in mines, irrigation, buildings, and smelting works. There is nevertheless—and I think very foolishly—great jealousy of English capitalists by American citizens.

I could not but think that English capitalists might quite as advantageously engage in gold enterprises in New Zealand, and without the un-

pleasant bickering so rife at Denver and elsewhere in the United States.

In the Auckland mining districts very rich returns from mining enterprises have resulted from operations which have been really nothing better than 'scratching' the surface. In American mining districts, 50,000*l.* or 100,000*l.* are readily invested in single mining enterprises, which may not at the outset have offered a tithe of the promise which many Auckland mines afford.

MINING FAILURES.

The cause of Auckland mining failures, I am fully convinced, has not been due to the poverty of the reefs, but has arisen partly from the areas of claims being much too small, and, above all, from the fact that even these small enterprises have been undertaken with a capital totally inadequate for the work to be done. With us, it was found that, when even works on a very moderate scale were needed, unless gold was struck almost at once, shareholders became disheartened and refused to pay the very moderate 'calls' made, with

the result that mines generally have either been abandoned or carried on in such a feeble and languishing fashion as could only end, and has actually ended, in wasting the very small capital expended in so niggardly a manner.

The points we have to consider are: (1) That gold cannot be obtained without diligently, skillfully, and persistently searching for it. (2) We have good gold reefs and skill in abundance, but *we have not the necessary capital*. (3) Our reefing districts are, in no sense, poor men's goldfields, as we have found both to our direct and, still more, to our indirect loss.

MINING CAPITAL.

The remedy for all this, is large areas worked by English capital. After a long experience in quartz mining, and a most patient, diligent, and extensive inquiry, during my recent tour in the gold regions of the United States, I am convinced that half a million of English capital could be most profitably employed on the Auckland goldfields by such capitalists, to the great advantage of the

Auckland district and the colony at large. And I have good grounds for believing, if a reasonable and non-obstructive policy were adopted by shareholders in mines—which, under the present narrow system, can scarcely be otherwise than worthless speculations—that English capital can be obtained. Large amounts of English capital are invested in American mining enterprises with varying results. Large sections of people in the United States regard with disfavour the investment of English capital either in mines or lands. Indeed, Congress has recently passed a highly restrictive measure with the intention of preventing such investments.

In view of these restrictions, and the enormous area of gold- and silver-bearing country in New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, and India—an area, vastly larger and richer than the gold- and silver-bearing lands of the United States—it will certainly not be long before English capitalists will become alive to the various advantages which investments in countries under the British flag present.

Investment, as well as trade, can safely only

follow the flag. Every English million invested in the Colonies, not only increases British trade, but strengthens that *community of interest* between England and her great Colonies, without which Imperial Federation must continue to be little more than a splendid dream.

CHAPTER V.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

I TRAVELLED across the American Continent eastward, in the heats of autumn, when the crops were being harvested ; westward on my return, when the first frosts and snows of winter had changed the face of the country. To avoid repetition, it will be advantageous to describe what I saw on both journeys indiscriminately, glancing, as the fancy moves me, at cornfield or orchard, laden with the riches of the year, or noting the clearer atmospheric tints, or the mountains, like white-robed sentinels, in their raiment of winter snows.

THE GREAT CENTRAL BASIN.

The Great Central Desert Basin of the North American Continent is a peculiar and interesting region ; bounded on the west by the Sierra

Nevadas, and on the east by the Rocky Mountains. It is about 5,000 feet above sea level. The great mountains environ the level alkali plains with wall-like ramparts. From these the rivers run down into lakes, from which, with one exception, they find no outlet to the ocean. Some of these lakes are fresh, their waters probably finding subterranean outlets. Others, like the Owen's Lake, having no outlet, evaporation causes them to be saturated with soda, large deposits of this mineral, in nearly a pure state, lining the margin of the lake. Others again, like the great Salt Lake, are so supercharged with saline matters (about 22 per cent.) by evaporation, that swimming in them is both difficult and unpleasant.

The plains themselves are covered with sage bushes (about two feet high) of several varieties, generally of a grey-green tint, and growing apart from each other, on the sandy plains.

RENO.

At Reno we fairly enter the Great Desert. Diverging to Carson City we passed through a

charming valley, fertilised by irrigation. The district is covered with fields of emerald-green alfalfa, cornfields, and orchards. The run to Carson City is very pleasant. Lake Washoe, glittering with a silver sheen in the morning sun, the bright green fields, the orchards laden with golden fruit, the blue mountains, the fresh bracing morning air, gave us an intense feeling of enjoyment, which the constant dweller in a crowded city can never know, with its mingled squalor and grandeur, its impure atmosphere, and its still more impure surroundings.

SILVER BULLETS.

Some years ago the Washoe silver mines made a small sensation. They are said to have been discovered by a party of hunters, who, running short of ammunition, used some shining leadlike metal, which they found outcropping at a stream, near which they had camped. The rude bullets they cast answered their purpose well enough. Shortly after the close of the expedition, one of the number, having some bullets left in his pouch, took them to an assayer, who declared them to be nearly pure

silver. A rush followed, and Washoe made for a short time a small stir in the mining world, to be soon cast into the shade by the great discoveries of rich ore at Virginia City and Gold Hill.

LITTLE WHITTINGTONS.

The latter place is now like its richer neighbour—a deserted village. In the days of its pride, its rugged streets were metalled with ore containing gold to the value of twelve dollars per ton, which at that time was only considered fit for macadamising the roads. Nobody has yet attempted to put the streets through the batteries, but numbers of barelegged urchins (more fortunate than Whittington in his search in the streets of London), after every shower of rain, secure small quantities of the shining metal.

CARSON CITY.

Carson City is the capital of the State of Nevada. It has a mint, an indication of the faded glories of the district ; and a State prison.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE ROCKS.

At the rear of the State prison some interesting vestiges of the long, long ago have been discovered. A sloping hill has been excavated for some two acres in extent to a depth of about fifteen feet at the rear. In the face of the standing rock the excavations have revealed a curious vertical spiral pipe some inches in diameter. This spiral cavity is thought to have been an ancient hot spring. This may be a very probable theory, looking at the character of the rock still remaining *in situ*, the whole of which has, I think, been deposited by the extinct hot spring, when active. The platform of rock uncovered has a gentle upward inclination to the present limit of the excavation. I observed at various points the peculiar wavy ripple, often seen in New Zealand, where a large hot spring, supercharged with earthy matter, deposits it, as it spreads, in wavy lines over a rocky platform. On this ancient rocky platform a great variety of distinctly-marked footprints have been revealed by the excavations. I noticed the footprints of man,

of the elephant, horse, deer, buffalo, and dog ; of the duck, and probably the crane, with many other impressions which I could not identify. Indians who have seen the footprints identify all but those of the elephant, of which they know nothing. They say the man has worn Indian moccasins, but larger than those now used by them. All the footprints have been made when the mud has been soft, as may be seen by a ridge round each footprint on the side, in the direction of the course taken by the man or animals. Two large indentations in the rock were pointed out, from one of which were taken the fossil remains of a horse, a fossil horse's tooth being shown to me, and from the other, if I mistake not, the fossil remains of an elephant had been taken.

Nearly all the fossil remains, I understood, had been removed for scientific investigation. One small fossil shell of the size of a New Zealand pipi, or cockle, was kindly presented to me by the governor of the prison. I was told that many of these fossil shells had been found, all of them lying in a layer of softer stone (doubtless anciently mud), lying immediately upon the footprints, that is, ex-

actly in the position in which the New Zealand Maori, who lives near a sea beach, finds the pipi to-day. I noticed the remarkable circumstance that many of the footprints, more especially those of the man and animals, appeared to have been made in lines more or less converging towards the extinct hot spring, as if the various animals had found some virtue in the waters ; it being well known that horses and buffaloes travel long distances to a 'salt lick.'

It may also be noted that a hot spring of about 80° Fahr. still exists at the opposite side of the prison precincts, marking probably the point at which the extinct hot spring found vent, after closing by its abundant deposit the more ancient orifice.

Many theories have been advanced as to the date, far back in the ages, when these footprints were made. One American savant, I learnt, had fixed it at a period 242,000 years ago. This theory may be in accord with the very long periods which geologists are so ready to allow for the formation of some of Nature's works ; but to those who have seen in New Zealand the very rapid rate at which

hot springs frequently deposit the earths and salts with which they are sometimes saturated, a very much shorter period than 242,000 years would have been sufficient to deposit the fifteen feet of super-incumbent rock. As an instance of the rapidity with which rock is sometimes formed, I may state that I have in my possession a piece of stone two and a half inches thick, which was deposited in six weeks by a warm spring struck in a deep shaft on the Thames goldfield, in New Zealand.'

An evidence of the rapidity and extent with which volcanic deposits are sometimes made, I may cite the eruption from Mount Tarawera in New Zealand on June 10, 1886, which in three hours discharged a quantity of volcanic mud, ashes and dust, computed at 2,000,000,000 tons, covering an area of 1,200 square miles of land, to depths varying from ninety feet near the crater to one inch thick fifty miles away.

The whole of the city surrounding Carson district affords abundant evidence of volcanic action. The gravels coming down the mountain water-courses, or floating in them, are similar in character to those found in many New Zealand streams.

A gentleman at Carson City was kind enough to present to me an Indian arrowhead, which he had recently purchased from an Indian. Directly I saw the weapon, I recognised its material to be obsidian, exactly similar to the obsidian with which we are familiar in New Zealand.

DESERT PLAINS.

Travelling for hundreds of miles over the desert alkali plains is very wearisome. One day you have fine dust inside the car, and dull grey sage bush outside. Next day you have sage bush outside and fine dust inside the railway cars. Were it not for the admirable provision on the American railroads, of double windows, abundance of water, and well-appointed lavatories attached to each 'sleeper' car, the complexion of a traveller, after a summer day's run in this dusty region, would assume a sage-bush hue, softened off with yellow dust.

The Humbolt river, along which we ran several hundred miles, terminates its course at the Humbolt Sink, a broad shallow lake without an outlet. What can be done with these desert and dreary

plains by irrigation, is evident at the Humbolt railway station. A small supply of water has been brought from the nearest mountains, with which a few acres have been irrigated. The result is a delightful oasis of living green. Large cotton-wood trees (our poplar), fruit trees, vegetables in great variety, grow with wonderful luxuriance. It is quite evident that if these desert, sterile lands could be irrigated by water obtained, say, from artesian wells, they would become as fertile as any land in the United States. It is, I think, probable that deposits of potash, phosphates, nitrates, and sulphur will yet be found in this region, which—when constant cropping has impoverished the lands east of the Rocky Mountains—will be of inestimable value, as the raw materials of the fertilisers, which will then be indispensable.

RED INDIANS.

At the Humbolt station I noticed a few Indians, remnants of the tribe which, not many years ago, dominated this part of the country. The lank-haired men, dressed in a curious medley of

European clothing and Indian ornaments, had lost all the romance of the Indian warrior, with which Fenimore Cooper used to charm our boyish imaginations. I noticed two or three remarkably handsome Indian 'squaws,' each with her 'papoose' swaddled up like miniature mummies; their broad, shining, laughing faces showing they were live mummies at least. The squaws, in accordance with an ancient custom, had their faces painted; and if, in this dusty region, they wish to powder their faces or their hair, they would only be following the example of their pale-faced, painted sisters in San Francisco; a hideous practice, by which old women are *trying* to make themselves look young, and young women are *succeeding* in making themselves look old.

These remnants of the race, which in times past hunted the deer and the buffalo, lords of all this wide region, now stood wistfully looking at the strange white man, and at his stranger works, with an impassive, far-off absent look in their jet-black eyes; as they turned to watch the departing train, the ruddy beams of evening lighted up their faces as they looked to the West. The shadow of

civilisation has fallen upon their race, corrupting before it destroys. They are silently departing into the Great Unknown, to await a doom in the future, more merciful, it may be, than that which has befallen them in the past. Like the sun, as he disappeared behind the rugged mountains, their motionless figures vanished from our sight, but, unlike him, soon to return no more.

AMONGST THE MOUNTAINS.

All through the night the tireless locomotive dragged us across the desert plain. Morning dawned upon a scene of splendid beauty. The mountains surrounding the Great Central Basin, which, on my journey East a month before, had loomed out of the hot, misty haze, sullen masses of dim, dusty grey, now towered above the silent desert plains, robed in purest white. The early sunshine tinted the loftiest linked peaks of the Sierras with rosy, radiant hues; while those still in shadow stood like white-robed maidens, silent, pure, cold, waiting for the coming King to cast upon them his golden garment.

As the day wore on, the panorama of white-robed mountains changed at every league we ran. Bright in the noonday sunshine, the snow-clad giants kept their everlasting watch in silent, solemn grandeur, looking down, all unmoved, on the roaring railroad train, as it dashed at headlong speed across the desert plain: looking down, as they looked down ten thousand years ago, but on what was then an ancient inland sea, which has left no trace behind, save salt lakes and the rugged giants which kept their watch of ages upon its shores, as they now encircle the desert plain with their adamantine walls.

Along the faces of the mountains, the successive lines of subsidence of the ancient sea are indelibly marked in long horizontal lines; the only remains of the long-departed waters being the Small and Great Salt Lakes as we now see them.

MORMONS.

No description of the Great Central Desert Basin would be complete without a notice of the Mormons, and Salt Lake City. Led across the

trackless wilderness by Brigham Young, the Mormons, or Latter Day Saints—as they prefer to call themselves—many years ago made a settlement on the shores of the Great Salt Lake. This sheet of water, about one hundred miles long, is the Dead Sea of this region. Near its saline shores there is no vegetation, nor can any living thing exist in its saturated waters.

The golden plates, and the other revelations, said to have been made by the angel to Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormons, are simply the distorted imaginations of a dreaming, self-deluded, visionary enthusiast. That they should have been adopted by so large a number of emigrants from many European nations, is a curious instance of the extent and force with which fantastic delusions sometimes affect large sections of the human race. In the case of the Mormons, these delusions have been accompanied by a remarkable development of energy and industry. Locating themselves in a sterile desert, far away from their fellows, by bringing water from the mountains, and irrigating the alkali plains, they have literally changed this desert into fertile fields

and richly laden orchards. Where nothing was to be seen but sand and sage bush, emerald-green alfalfa, wheat, vegetables, and fruits in wonderful abundance now gladden the visitor.

SALT LAKE CITY.

Embosomed in luxuriant trees and greenery of every kind, with its miles of broad, well laid out streets, fringed with long avenues of shade-trees, Salt Lake City is a remarkable creation of patient industry and indomitable enterprise.

The worst feature in the Mormon policy, is their adoption of the practice of 'plurality of wives.' This I understood was not one of the 'principles' of the Church of the Latter Day Saints, as laid down by Joseph Smith, but was a 'practice' introduced by Brigham Young. It is this practice of the plurality of wives which the United States people have fully and rightly determined to put down by force of law. Already prosecutions have been instituted against prominent Mormons who have more than one wife, some of whom are now serving a six months'

term in the penitentiary, whilst other leading men are hiding from the officers of the law. I pointed out to some of their principal men, that Natural Law was directly opposed to a man having more than one wife, inasmuch as Nature has provided a general equality of the sexes at birth throughout the animal world.; for instance, broadly speaking, the births in herds of cattle, in flocks of sheep, or in the human race, show a general equality of males and females, with perhaps a slight preponderance of females. Under this state of things I asked them to consider, that if one-half, or one-third of the men in a community were to absorb all the women for their wives, the remainder of the men must of necessity be deprived of wives altogether. In no case were they able to assail the position that, in their practice of a plurality of wives, they were infringing a great natural law, and were, besides, provoking the just enmity of their own fellow-citizens and of every right-thinking man in every country.

A SUNSET GLORY.

Returning West, we again struck the Humbolt river ; its course, as I have said, dotted with irrigated golden orchards, and fields of alfalfa (lucerne), green as emeralds in the grey, sombre setting of the desert plain. At sunset we reached the Humbolt Sink, which I have already described as a large sheet of water receiving the waters of the Humbolt River. No outlet from the Sink or Lake exists, the waters sinking and going down below, no one knows how or where. No scene could be more enchanting than that presented to us through the pure, translucent atmosphere of this elevated region. A cloudless day was drawing to a close. As the sun approached the mountain summits in the west, the lake lay placid as a mirror at their feet, reflecting at various points the rich roseate and purple hues, deepening, as the shadows lengthened, into a hundred shades of violet and blue ; as the angle or the distance varied, every snowy peak and sombre ravine of the scarred and rugged mountains displaying more brilliant gleams or

deeper shadows. A few moments before sunset, the departing rays seemed to concentrate on the centre of the arclike mountain chain, blazing for a moment with a brilliant golden splendour of intense and exquisite beauty. Sweeping from west to east, the rich purple and vermillion tints lingered as they swept from base to summit. For one instant, the shining lake and glowing mountains presented a scene of such peerless splendour as no pen can describe or imagination conceive. And then, rugged mountains, placid lake, and desert plains disappeared, as our fiery engine dragged us into the deepening gloom of night.

CHAPTER VI.

OVER THE PLAINS.

LEAVING Ogden, we passed up the valley of the Jordan, covered with irrigated alfalfa fields and orchards; up the Weber, Echo, and other cañons (pronounced canyons) or ravines, their rugged cliffs of red sandstone rapidly disintegrating under the influence of the intensely cold winters, and presenting striking pictures of rocks in ruins. Slowly climbing the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains to Sherman—their highest point, 8,200 feet above sea level—we left behind us the weary sage bush, and entered upon grass lands covered with a thick sole of green herbage. These eastern slopes of the mountains are occupied as cattle ranches, or, as we should call them, cattle stations. Great herds of rather coarse cattle roam over these extensive prairie lands, owned by wealthy ‘cattle

kings.' The centre of this immense cattle district appears to be Cheyenne, a small town of about 6,000 inhabitants, said to be one of the wealthiest towns, for its size, in the United States.

We were now approaching the great Valley of the Mississippi; passing the North Platte River—little better than continuous shingle beds—a large portion of its waters being said to be used for irrigation purposes in the State of Colorado.

THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

What can be said of this great valley? How shall I describe it? So vast, so fertile, teeming with agricultural wealth, so studded with great cities! But of deeper interest to every well-wisher of the great nation, in whose veins flows a blood kindred to our own, are the millions of industrious freeholders, who mainly cultivate their own moderately-sized farms, in this magnificent valley.

These vast plains contain perhaps the largest extent of fertile land in one area to be found in the world, and yet, forty-five years ago, the vast district west of the Mississippi river was marked

in the school atlases of the day as the 'Great American Desert.'

I have termed it a valley. It is rather a vast plain spreading from the Rocky Mountains in the West to the Alleghanies in the East; from the Canadian frontier in the north to the Gulf of Mexico in the South, covering an area, probably, of 2,000,000 square miles of generally level, fertile land, well watered everywhere. I traversed chiefly the North-western and Central States of this vast plain. Everywhere I made copious notes of the quality of the land, of the cattle, of the cultivation and of the productions of the States I traversed.

FARMING.

It is perhaps only due to myself to state, that a long and extensive experience as an agriculturist and cattle breeder, both in England and New Zealand, has, I venture to think, enabled me to form a fairly reliable opinion of what I saw in an extended travel, of perhaps 5,000 miles, over this grand region.

Some portions were prairie lands naturally destitute of forest, others were well wooded with

oak, hickory, walnut, and other trees. Some districts had richer soils than others, but I think I am not far wrong in classing the great proportion of the lands I traversed as coming fully under the description of fertile soils.

The great prairies have been enriched by the decay of the grasses growing upon them for centuries; whilst the forest areas have been in like manner rendered fertile by the decomposition, for a long period, of the annual fall of leaves from deciduous forests.

From the numerous entries in my note-books I may advantageously make a brief selection, as conveying a fair general view of what I saw; so avoiding an endless, and perhaps wearisome, repetition of similar notes and opinions:—

‘We ran through another section of the great valley. Like so much that I had already seen, the land was level and good; farms of 150 to 500 acres; principal crops, Indian corn (some of it still in stooks). Wheat was also grown in considerable quantity; grass abundant everywhere, and, for the time of year, looking remarkably well, and consisting (so far as I could see) chiefly of *Poa pratensis*,

timothy, and red-top, with some others with which I was not familiar.'

In another district I noted 'that more wheat was cultivated, the young winter wheats looking fairly well, many of the fields having been "put in" in a workmanlike manner. I noticed a general absence of turnip cultivation, Indian corn apparently answering every purpose. The country at intervals is slightly undulating, but retains the general character of level land.' Again I find noted: 'Land good, but inclined to be wet, with a heavy subsoil.' 'The natural readiness with which the soil everywhere grows grass offers great encouragement to a wise system of rotation-farming, which I learned to my regret does not prevail to any great extent. Cattle abundant and in good condition, but not generally too well bred. Horses light and active, showing fairly good breeding.' I find in my notebooks the too frequent entry that 'many farms show a slovenly system of cultivation, weeds and dirty stubbles being far too common; with, it is only fair to say, many instances of fairly good farming. I find that fertilisers are rarely or never used, even the farmyard manure being in many in-

stances only partially used, or practically wasted. Many farming implements remain in the fields after being used, where, I am told, they frequently remain through the winter, till they are again required in the following season.'

In another State, I find noted 'good land, deep black soil, grows abundant Indian corn crops. Farming system very exhaustive here, as in nearly all the Central and Western States. I find the opinion very generally held by many farmers with whom I conversed, that Indian corn is not an exhaustive crop. In this conclusion I do not agree, unless the crop be cut green. Though not so rich in phosphates as wheat, the ripened Indian corn contains many mineral elements which can only come from the soil, the soluble portion of which continuous cropping will sooner or later extract from the soil ; later, if open fallows are used, but certain to seriously and permanently injure the soil unless fertilisers are applied.

In a treeless district, I note that 'the country is undulating, soil fairly good, but has a parched appearance, and evidently suffers greatly from the absence of trees both in appearance, shelter, and

rainfall.' The farmhouses were rarely pretentious ; generally they were plain and inexpensive, with inferior outbuildings. I understood that Western farmers were a hard-working, industrious class, living simply, with few luxuries, and little display. The farmers' wives, I was told, were very economical, industrious, and, in too many cases, overworked. The introduction of cheese and butter factories in many districts has, however, greatly diminished this household drudgery, besides enabling American cheese and butter to be put on the market in larger quantities of a more uniform quality. Being a great drinker of milk, I was particularly pleased to find it everywhere abundant, and of most excellent quality, not only at all the hotels in city and country, but at innumerable roadside railway stations. Though the cattle looked generally well and in good condition, I was greatly disappointed with the quality of the beef. Compared with the juicy tenderness and fine flavour of New Zealand beef, I found it hard, dry, and of inferior quality. In California the beef in all these respects was better than in the Mississippi Valley, though even that was much inferior to New Zealand beef. The

quality of the Californian beef is injuriously affected by the long dry summers ; in the Mississippi Valley the poor quality of the beef is, I think, due to the excessively severe cold of winter ; in all the States I visited, the thermometer, I was informed, frequently sinks from 20° to 30° below zero Fahr. Under such adverse influences, with an almost entire absence of housing, the long and severe winters can hardly fail to harden the fibres of the animals, as Nature's provision to enable them to resist the intense cold, by making them hardy at the expense of that tender juiciness characteristic of the beef produced in the mild, equable, genial climate of New Zealand, in most parts of which snow is rarely seen, except on southern mountain ranges, and where the frost is so slight as to cause little inconvenience to man or beast.

Comparisons are, I know, odious ; but they are necessary, if a standard is to be fixed ; and, whilst sincerely desirous of noting the special advantages of this magnificent region, I should be wilfully misleading my readers if I omitted all reference to its disadvantages.

CLIMATE.

The States I visited in the Mississippi Valley, with their great fertility and many advantages, have one great disadvantage in the wide range of temperature. During my visit in the early autumn I frequently noted the temperature at 90° in shade, which, in the earlier months, I learnt, often stood at 100° , and occasionally even higher; whilst in winter, as already noted, the temperature frequently falls from 20° to 30° —sometimes in the North-west even to 40° below zero. This intense cold, by freezing the ground to a depth of two or three feet, practically subsoils it, and so admits water and air, which by rendering the mineral elements more soluble, keeps up a supply of plant-food, and postpones to some extent the date of the impoverishment of the soil. Such an enormous variation can hardly be conducive to health or long life in man. As one evidence of this, I did not observe anything like the proportion of old men or women in America which may be seen everywhere in New Zealand. Everywhere I found a general prevalence

of sallow complexions, both in men and women, contrasting with the clear fresh complexions so general in New Zealand. The breaking up of new lands, whether forest or prairie, developing miasma and fevers, has a bad effect upon health in new districts. This will naturally disappear as cultivation advances. Of course, there may be, and probably are, other reasons, such as a too general disregard of the laws of health, upon which, as I shall state the result of my observations in a future chapter, it is unnecessary to remark upon further here,

FORESTS.

All over the Mississippi States I visited, I noticed a remarkable absence of large trees. Neither in the pine forests of the North-west, nor yet in the deciduous forests of the Central States, I do not remember seeing any tree, either standing or fallen, much over two feet six inches in diameter. In this, as in some other respects, this portion of the United States compares very disadvantageously with the magnificent trees in New Zealand forests, where the trees range from four feet to eight feet

in diameter, whilst some of the monarchs of the forest are much larger, and where trees under two feet in diameter are rarely cut for 'timber' or 'lumber' purposes. I can only account for this great difference in the size of the trees in the two countries, by offering the opinion that the length and intense cold of the American winters in the districts I visited exercise a very marked influence in retarding and dwarfing the growth of trees.

In some of the States I noticed a general absence of forests. In others, they were in abundance, providing shelter for cattle, favourably influencing the rainfall, and adding greatly to the beauty of the country.

DESTRUCTION OF FORESTS.

Immense areas of forest are being every year destroyed for lumber and for cultivation. However necessary the former object may be, it is a barbarous practice, and hardly less than a national misfortune, that so much valuable forest has been recklessly burnt and destroyed, in order that more

corn may be grown, and more hogs may be fattened. In some districts the grand black walnut tree has been practically exterminated. Considering the great value of this fine tree for furniture purposes, it is perhaps not too much to say, that much of these forest lands would to-day be of more value in their natural state than all the corn and pigs which have been produced on their ruins. Corn and pigs have a present value, and the destruction of forests by cultivation is to some extent a necessity, but their wholesale and reckless destruction is a calamity, which no generation of men has a right to bring upon their descendants.

AUTUMNAL FOLIAGE.

I was charmed with the woodland beauty of many districts. The open character of the forests—having no undergrowth—the brilliant autumnal foliage, with its endless shades of browns, yellows, reds, and crimsons, presented a delightful medley of colour above, which, contrasting with the straight black trunks, and the play of sunlit gleams and dark shadows below, made me long for a sylvan

stroll in such leafy and lovely shades. But the remorseless steam giant ahead dragged us out of the beautiful forest, and, like many another 'thing of beauty,' the sunlit, sylvan scene, with its golden gleams, its half-lights and dark shadows, glided away into the past, leaving only a dream of beauty behind, but leaving that for ever.

COAL.

The great valley stretching in one grand plain of fertile land, between the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghany chain, is, undoubtedly, one of the chief foundations of the wealth and prosperity of the United States, but in its numerous rich and equable deposits of coal it possesses another element of wealth, which has already made itself apparent, and in the future will still more stimulate the progress of the nation.

This magnificent plain seems to me to have been the bottom of an ancient ocean, in which, after its first upheaval, primeval forests flourished for long ages, and which, in the mysterious movements of Nature's forces, were subsequently again

submerged, forming the extensive coal deposits which have given the United States an area of coal, perhaps more extensive than all the known coal areas of the rest of the world.

RIVERS.

The Mississippi, Missouri, and Ohio Rivers, with their innumerable affluents, provide the great valley with abundant water supplies for all purposes. For transit purposes they were formerly invaluable, but since the country has been covered with a network of railways, their value in this respect has been largely reduced. At Minneapolis the great ' Falls of St. Anthony ' furnish an available water force of 35,000 horse-power, about one-half of which is utilised in driving the largest and most complete flouring mills in the world, as well as for supplying power to a great array of sawmills ; the timber for these mills being floated down the upper waters of the Mississippi from the great pine forests of the North ; many hundreds of thousands of logs, at the period of my visit, lying in a branch of the river above the falls.

I pointed out to some of the capitalists interested, that unless prompt measures were taken to store the surplus waters, a time would come when the enormous forest denudation now going on would certainly greatly diminish the magnificent water power which is the chief foundation of the prosperity of the great city of Minneapolis.

From Minneapolis we ran a great distance along the Mississippi, through a fine, well grassed, rolling country. Very pleasant it was, to leave the crowded city—even when so handsome a city as Minneapolis—and glide into the fresh open country, full of sweet little homes, with cornfields, orchards, and cattle round them. The cities may overshadow and dominate the country to-day, drawing the healthy youth from their quiet peaceful homes, to fill the void created by the overwork, the bad habits, and the tainted atmosphere of the crowded and growing city ; but, after all, it is not from the luxurious houses or squalid streets, not from the grimy, sallow-faced men and women of great cities, but it is from the sweet, cheery, country homes that the real manhood and womanhood of a nation must come.

At Minnéapolis the main branch of the river, above the Falls of St. Anthony, is 540 feet broad. Lower down, at St. Paul's and at various other points, the noble stream reminded me of our own beautiful Waikato River at Mercer. As we descend the grand valley, the great river sweeps onwards with a majestic flow between lofty bluffs, crowned, possibly, in ancient times with Indian forts. Fields of brilliant green, diversified with woodland patches, render the journey most enjoyable. As we travel onwards, the great river gathers volume at every hundred miles of its course, sweeping through broad plains mostly under cultivation. At one point the river widens out into a fine sheet of water, several miles across, called, I think, Lake Pepin. Bold bluffs flank the river here and there, round which our train winds along its devious course, revealing at every curve patches of shrub and forest, already showing, in their brilliant and varied hues, the first touch of the icy hand of advancing winter. As we rush along from hour to hour, we keep company with the royal river. Occasionally a small steamer makes its tiny ripple on the broad expanse, but generally, as I saw it,

the Mississippi is a silent river. Lower down it receives the Chippeway River, down which large rafts of small logs were being floated hundreds of miles to various points below. Great rafts of sawn timber (lumber) were being towed down by oarsmen, who, during their long and tedious voyages, live in small houses built on the rafts.

The immense length of the navigation on the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers is very remarkable. From the Falls of St. Anthony, at Minneapolis—the head of the navigation—to New Orleans, on the Gulf of Mexico, the Mississippi is navigable for some thousands of miles, not having a single rocky obstruction in its course, so far as I could learn, between these far distant points. This circumstance, I think, confirms the theory, that these great plains are of diluvial formation, and indicates that the successive upheavals and depressions were caused by the energy of a vast and long-continued seismic force, which, though intermittent, does not appear to have been either violent or partial in its action.

WHAT AMERICA OWES ENGLAND.

Whilst traversing these vast and fertile plains in all directions, I was forcibly struck by the prevalence of French names of places, indicating the strong hold which France once had on this magnificent region. Whilst the early English colonists in the East were struggling against the difficulties of an inclement climate, an unfertile soil, and constant inroads from hostile Indians, the French—always greater favourites with the Indian tribes than the English—from their settlements on the River St. Lawrence, pushed their occupation of the Mississippi Valley between the Spanish settlements on the Pacific and the English settlements on the Atlantic, through the continent to the Gulf of Mexico.

For three-quarters of a century England and France maintained a continued and bloody struggle for the possession of the North American Continent, in which English blood and English treasure were freely expended, until in the middle of the eighteenth century the star of France was in the

ascendant. In 1754 the fiercest, and, happily, the last, great struggle for the mastery commenced. For five years the sanguinary contest continued with varying fortune. In 1759 General Wolfe anchored in front of Quebec, with a large fleet and eight thousand troops. The great fortress was held by the gallant Montcalm, a French general as brave and chivalrous as Wolfe himself. A bloody and decisive battle on the Plains of Abraham was fought and won by the lion-hearted Wolfe. Both generals fell mortally wounded. Five days afterwards, on September 18, 1759, the city and garrison of Quebec capitulated, and, though Spain maintained a footing in the South for a while, the flag of England practically floated over the North American Continent from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico.

The gallant Wolfe's great victory destroyed for ever French domination, and by that one decisive blow changed the destinies of the North American Continent. Under French rule, the Red Indian had roamed at will ; his painted warriors, aided by the French, continually attacking the frontier English settlements, torturing and massacring their

defenceless inhabitants. Wolfe's decisive victory changed all this, rendered possible the settlement of this vast territory by the Anglo-Saxon race, and laid the foundation of a dominion which has become the greatest Republic of ancient or modern times.

In less than seven years after Wolfe's victory, the ignorant tyranny of England over her American Colonies provoked the great struggle, which terminated fifteen years later in the Declaration of American Independence.

Unhappily this strife of kinsmen left elements of bitterness which a hundred years had not obliterated. During the last seven years, however, more friendly feelings have prevailed between England and the United States. A spirit of 'sweet reasonableness' is taking the place of long-continued bitterness. The sentiment of kinship, the racial instinct, is beginning to make its power felt, giving promise of a coming brotherhood, which, if wisely fostered, will inevitably bind together the English-speaking race all over the world for mutual help, for mutual blessing. That this 'good time coming' may be hastened—I hope our American

kindred will pardon the suggestion—I think a modification might be made in the tone of bitterness I observed in American school histories, not unnatural in the past, but certainly not necessary in the present or the future. In re-writing these histories, this ‘root of bitterness’ may be removed without in the least detracting from the heroic story of the sufferings, the valour, and the achievements of the patriots in the great struggle for Independence. May I venture to ask the consideration of our American friends to so simple, yet so powerful, a mode of promoting the growing good feeling between two peoples who have so much in common?

At the same time, I may remind Englishmen travelling across the United States that Americans justly complain of the sneering tone some travellers affect towards everything American. Such a course is not only silly, ignorant, and an offence against good manners, but it tends to postpone that restoration of goodwill between England and America, which every good citizen of either country must desire.

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CHAPTER VII.

AMERICAN RAILROADS.

THE American railroad system is a vast network of iron, covering a very large area, stretching from ocean to ocean, and from the Canadian frontier to the Gulf of Mexico, and connecting all the principal cities of the Great Republic. It has pushed on the United States to a point of development which it could not otherwise have reached for another century.

This enormous development of American Railroads will be apparent from the following Statement drawn from

‘POOR’S MANUAL OF RAILROADS, 1886.’

STATEMENT NO. I.

In 1827, first railroad opened.

	Miles
In 1830, in operation	23
In 1857, in operation	24,593
In 1884, in operation	125,379

The total railroads throughout the world will be seen from a statement prepared by M. Paul Trasenster, of Liège, as follows :—

STATEMENT NO. 2.

Lengths of Railroads in operation in 1884.

	Miles.
In Europe	111,764
In Asia	12,217
In America	141,620
In Africa	3,958
In Australasia	7,142
Total miles in operation in 1884	276,701

It will be seen from these two statements, that the United States had in 1884 nearly as many miles of railroads in operation as all the rest of the world.

The total cost of the 125,379 miles of railroads in the United States (giving even millions) amounts to \$8,073,000,000, or 1,614,000,000*l.* sterling. Of this vast sum about one half is represented by stock (share) capital, the other half being the amount borrowed on bonds (debentures).

AUSTRALASIAN INDEBTEDNESS.

I may here make a short digression, by way of referring to a subject having some relation to

the question of indebtedness on account of railroads.

I had not been many hours in the United States, before I was interrogated about the indebtedness of New Zealand and Australia. Some very strong adverse comments were made regarding the indebtedness of Australasia, both on this and on many subsequent occasions at the various cities I visited. I had, however, taken measures to make myself acquainted with :—

1. The public debt of the United States.
2. The indebtedness of the various States of the Union.
3. The expenditure of the United States people on railroad account.

On the first occasion of my being interrogated, as on all subsequent occasions, I frankly admitted that New Zealand, and indeed all Australasia, had borrowed far too heavily, and that, so far as New Zealand was concerned, I and others, from the first initiation of the borrowing policy, had publicly and strongly protested against the scheme. But nevertheless, though the debt of Australasia was large, and had doubtless arrived at the limit of

safety, I stated that Australasian resources were ample, and far more than equal to the burden imposed upon them by their indebtedness, and that, in New Zealand, a strong and general determination existed to put an end practically to further borrowing. To all my interrogators I submitted the substance of the following comparative statement of the general liabilities of the United States people, and of the Australasian Colonies :—

STATEMENT No. 3.

United States debt, May 1885	\$1,303,000,000
Ditto, bonds to Pacific Railroads	64,000,000
U.S. General indebtedness	1,367,000,000
Separate State indebtedness	263,000,000
	<u>1,630,000,000</u>
U.S. Railroad indebtedness (about one-half to Stockholders and one-half to Bondholders) .	8,073,000,000
Total indebtedness	<u>\$9,703,000,000</u>
Or, 9,703,000,000 dollars, equivalent to £1,940,000,000 sterling.	
Australasian debt, July 1885	£133,000,000
Equivalent to 665,000,000 dollars.	

In the United States liabilities I did not include the cost of 164,000 miles of telegraph construction, as I could not obtain the figures.

In the Australasian liabilities the cost of constructing all the telegraph lines is included.

STATEMENT NO. 4.

Showing indebtedness per head for population.

Population of United States, July 1885, estimated at		55,000,000
The Liabilities as quoted above	\$9,703,000,000	
Showing a liability per head of	\$176,000,000	
Equivalent per head of population to . .	£35 4s.	
Population of Australasian Colonies, July 1885, estimated at	3,377,000	
The Liabilities as quoted above	£133,000,000	
Showing a liability per head of	£39 10s.	
Equivalent per head of population to . .	\$197½	
Showing a Liability for the Australasian Colonies per head of population of	£39 10s. or	\$197½
And for the United States of	£35 4s. or	\$176
Showing a Liability of United States Citizens, smaller than of Australasian Colonists, per head, of	£4 6s. or	\$21½

I pointed out further, that in Australasia, with one or two exceptions, not one acre of public lands, beyond that required for line tracks and station sites, had been appropriated up to July 1885 for the construction of railroads; whilst an area of public lands to be reckoned by hundreds of millions of acres had been donated by the Governments of the United States to the railroad companies.

It was, of course, stated to me that the United States, as a nation, was not liable for railroad in-

debtedness, the whole of the railroads having been constructed by companies, and not by Government, and that at least one-half of that indebtedness was due to stockholders or shareholders, and that the other half only was due to bondholders.

In reply, I readily admitted that this was so, but that, practically, it came in the end to the same thing, with this important difference, so far as the safety of the stockholders or bondholders was concerned (a very large proportion of whom were not citizens of the United States, but were residents in England and elsewhere), that whilst in the case of the indebtedness of the United States railroad companies, the railroads and the lands held by them were the only securities for repayment of this indebtedness, in the Australasian Colonies the security for the indebtedness not only consisted of the railroads, but was further assured by the fact that the customs revenues, and every acre of public lands in territories nearly as large as the United States, formed a portion of the security upon which the money had been borrowed.

I also pointed out that one great advantage of Governments constructing the railroads, as in

Australasia, arose from the fact, that after the interest on money borrowed and working expenses had been paid, any profit remaining was the property of the general public, and not of private stockholders or shareholders, but was available for a reduction of transit rates, or for the reduction of general taxation.

I do not think there is anything egotistical in my adding here, that in no case did I find any one of the numerous gentlemen with whom I discussed the subject able to shake the conclusions as above detailed ; and further, that in the great majority of cases I met with a ready and frank admission, that they had not seen the Australasian indebtedness put in this way before, and that it now appeared to them to be upon a much sounder, safer, and more reasonable basis, both as to its extent and security, than they had hitherto supposed.

RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION.

The railroads in the United States have been constructed entirely by public companies, of which there are about 1,000. To many of the companies

the United States Government has given very large areas of land, usually in alternate sections on both sides of the lines. The Government has thus denuded itself of enormous areas of public lands. These vast areas, owing to the great advance in the values of lands, may, possibly, ultimately more than repay the entire cost of construction of some of the lines.

EQUIPMENT.

The railway tracks are well laid and well kept. The locomotives are very powerful, and of an excellent type, which is generally adopted on the whole railway system of the States. Locomotives, carriages, and trucks are mostly on the Bogie system; the two latter have sets generally of six wheels, occasionally of eight wheels, under each end of the car, so adding greatly to the comfort of passengers, and avoiding much unnecessary grinding of wheels and rails. The car wheels are of larger diameter than those in New Zealand, and are usually of cast iron, thus greatly reducing the cost of rolling stock. A wheel very rarely breaks,

and when that does happen, cars having generally six wheels in a set, no sudden stoppage occurs. The gauge is, I think, 4 feet 8½ inches. On most of the lines I traversed, there were no raised platforms, fixed steps providing access to the cars. These low platforms prevent many accidents.

THE SLEEPER CAR.

In a country so extensive, the trains run day and night, Sundays and week-days. The Pullman sleeping car is a necessity. These cars are elegant and costly affairs. Each car is attended by a coloured ‘porter,’ a courteous and active fellow, who arranges the beds in the car with great celerity, polishes your boots, and brushes you down each morning. A little kindly consideration shown to your ‘porter’ is greatly valued by him. He is attentive, cheerful, and full of a queer, grotesque humour. One of them, comparing the disadvantage of travelling in a Lake schooner with the comfort of a railroad train, said to me :—

‘ Sar, if you be drowned in a schooner on Lake Michigan, or in any oder place whar dar is plenty

of water, and you goes to de bottom, why, sar, whar are you? but if you gets smashed in a railroad car, why, dar you are.' These sleeping cars, admirable as they are, might be greatly improved by a little more 'head-room' in both upper and lower compartments.

The sleeping car is a great institution on American railroads. During the day they are comfortable enough, plush-lined cross seats for two on each side the central passage, with mirrors in every direction. At night the porter, as I have said—a good-humoured, handy negro—fixes with great despatch two tiers of sleeping sections on each side the passage. Thick curtains secure the necessary privacy. At each end of the carriage a small dressing-room is provided—one for ladies, the other for gentlemen—furnished with all washing requisites, drinking water, conveniences, and stove or heated pipes for winter use; each sleeping car being also provided with an elegant smoking-room. You travel day and night in comparative comfort and with little fatigue, if you are fairly well, and not fidgety. Nevertheless, much night travelling in 'sleepers' will, I think, be found injurious to health.

The peculiar lateral and vertical motion, especially in the upper compartments, can hardly fail to affect adversely the nervous system. Two successive days and nights in a 'sleeper' were as long as I cared for. One gentleman informed me that, of the previous twenty nights, he had passed seventeen in 'sleepers,' transacting business during the day at various points.

SEPARATE TRAINS.

On nearly all the main lines I traversed, 'mixed trains' were rarely run, passenger trains and freight or goods trains being run separately. This 'separate' system has great advantages over the 'mixed' system current in New Zealand. It enables passenger trains to be run at a much higher speed, say twenty-five to thirty miles per hour, including stoppages, with relatively much less wear and tear on the rolling stock, besides avoiding all 'shunting' and jars, to which passengers on 'mixed trains' are so much exposed in New Zealand. The 'separate' system enables heavy freight trains to be run at about half the speed of passenger trains, or about twelve miles per hour, thus greatly diminishing the

heavy charges for replacing rails and rolling stock, and securing much lower transit rates for goods.

ACCIDENTS.

The platforms between the carriages are continuous, thus preventing accidents in passing from car to car. The 'Westinghouse Brake' is a perfect success, and immensely superior in every way to the 'brake' system adopted in New Zealand. I understood this admirable brake would pull up a train at full speed in not much more than four times its length.

In the 8,000 miles I travelled on American railroads we had only two slight mishaps: one, arising from an imperfect coupling, causing the locomotive to run off with a portion of the train; the other was a case of a heated car axle taking fire. Considering the enormous distances run, and the immense number of passengers carried, the very small percentage of accidents bears highly satisfactory testimony to the efficient equipment of the roads, and to the excellent management by which they are operated.

RAILROAD TRAFFIC.

I am indebted to 'Poor's Manual of Railroads, 1886,' for the following particulars, which are full of interest to the general public of this colony, and some of which, I think, may be advantageously studied by those who are responsible for the supreme control of our New Zealand railways.

STATEMENT NO. 5.

Miles operated in 1885	123,110
Passenger train mileage ditto	211,587,620
Freight train mileage ditto	342,280,670
Mixed train mileage ditto	6,297,575
Total train mileage ditto	560,165,865
Passengers carried in 1885	351,427,088
Tons moved ditto	437,040,099
EARNINGS—Passengers in 1885	\$200,883,911
Freight ditto	\$519,690,992
Other ditto.	\$44,735,616
Total	\$765,310,519
Operating expenses	\$498,821,526
Net earnings	\$266,488,993

The gross earnings in 1885, on the entire capital, amounted to 10 per cent. nearly.

The net earnings to nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Rate of interest paid to bondholders amounted to $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.

Rate of dividend paid to shareholders equalled 2·02 per cent.

Expenses of running compared with gross earnings in 1885 equalled 66·12 per cent.

Passenger earnings, proportion of gross, 26·9 per cent.

Freight earnings, proportion of gross, 67·4 per cent.

Other earnings, proportion of gross, 5·7 per cent.

Earnings per passenger per mile, 2·198 cents, or a little over 1*d.* per mile.

Earnings per ton of goods per mile, 1·057 cents, or about $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* per mile.

The charges of 1*d.* per mile per passenger, and of $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* per mile per ton of goods, have been powerful factors in developing the enormous traffic on American railroads, as detailed in Statement No. 5. These low transit rates have exerted a most powerful influence in rapidly settling agricultural lands, and establishing perfect 'hives of industry' all over the United States. They have also made railroad investments profitable; for, though dividends on stock (share) capital only average about 2 per cent. per annum it is well known that many railroad

stocks have undergone the process known as 'watering'—that is, have had their nominal share capital greatly increased without the contribution of an additional dollar by shareholders ; in some cases, I understood the share capital had been more than doubled by this process. Taking this into consideration, and that 2 per cent. is the average annual dividend over 125,000 miles of railroad, both good and bad, it is evident that low transit rates 'pay' on American railroads.

It is also equally evident that the New Zealand system of excessively high transit rates *does NOT pay*. It is clear to me that if Parliament does not insist on the adoption of much lower transit rates, for both passengers and merchandise of all kinds, it will grievously fail in its duty to the country.

This brings me to the consideration of the vital question of administration.

RAILWAY MANAGEMENT.

There may be various opinions as to whether the *construction* of railroads by Government or by private enterprise is most advantageous, but after our experience in New Zealand there can be but

one opinion—that the Government *management* of railroads is costly and inefficient.

A vital change in management is imperative, and since we cannot resort to private management, we may at least adopt the mode recently introduced into Victoria with so much success.

That colony has abolished Government administration of its railways, placing them under a commission of three capable men, and experienced in the commercial management of railways. These commissioners are appointed by Parliament. They are responsible only to Parliament, being entirely independent of Government control. They are thus enabled to dispense with political patronage—that great barrier to all efficient and economical railway administration. They are therefore in a position to employ only good, well-trained officers, and to have no more of those than economical and efficient management requires. Until some such system is adopted, New Zealand railways *will not pay*; they will not properly promote industry in any direction; nor will they secure the real welfare of the colony.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

HAVING in some small degree endeavoured to describe the country in which Americans live, and some of the work they have done there, I may now attempt to make my readers acquainted with some of the characteristics of the American people. I do this with great diffidence. In doing it I shall probably make not a few mistakes. Keenly alive to the virtues of this second edition of Englishmen, I have not been altogether blind to their defects. Though I shall not flatter, I certainly shall not willingly wound. I shall endeavour truthfully to describe what I have seen, and as faithfully to draw my conclusions. These observations and conclusions will, of course, be general, and will mainly relate to the inhabitants of the wide regions I have visited and partially described. Whatever

I feel it my duty to write, whether I please or whether I offend, I hope 'our kin across the sea' will remember that I write with the hand of a friend—a friend full of admiration for much that they have already done ; full of hope for what they have yet to do ; yet, nevertheless, not without deep concern for some of the difficulties and dangers which, as I think, lie in their path in the future as well as in the present.

CHARACTERISTICS.

In treating of American characteristics I have not the least intention of dragging into prominence the small peculiarities which it has been the fashion of some writers to sneer at. I did not find any American in the least approaching Dickens' caricature of a man 'every hair of whose head was a note of interrogation ;' nor did I observe Americans of any class to be unduly or even strongly inquisitive ; nor did I find them—with very rare exceptions—affecting a nasal twang in their conversation ; nor did I hear them indulging in vulgar colloquialisms or queer idioms. Beyond

such phrases as an occasional 'Guess you saw So-and-so,' 'Is that so?' 'Why, certainly;,' or beginning a sentence with 'Say, have you visited such a place?' I observed little that was peculiar. Such phrases as 'I reckon,' 'I calculate,' were rarely used. In such cities as Milwaukee or Chicago I noticed a curious pronunciation of the word 'Yes,' which is frequently rendered 'Yah,' or in the old Scandinavian form, pronounced 'eeah,' common thirty years ago in many English villages. Beyond these, I noticed little that was peculiar or provincial. One peculiarity of pronunciation I did observe, namely, the emphasis laid generally on the first syllable of a word, such as in 'depôt,' 'Tremont,' pronounced as 'deepot,' 'Treemont'; or in words of one syllable, the emphasis being often placed on the first letter, if a vowel.

With these few exceptions, I found American-born citizens speaking as pure English, both in construction and pronunciation, as is spoken in the Australasian Colonies, where Mr. Froude asserts the English language is spoken as correctly, perhaps even more correctly, than it is generally spoken in England.

EARNESTNESS.

I found Americans to be essentially a grave and silent people, rarely—too rarely, as I thought—indulging in laughter, though often possessed of a keen and quiet humour. The American, as I have said, is usually a grave and silent man. He rarely laughs, but thinks a good deal, though perhaps in a circle, limited chiefly, as I thought, by his own interest and by his own affairs. He has evidently learnt, and practises, the art of minding his own business.

The Americans are not a laughing nation, they appear to be too busy, too hard-worked to laugh. In general, the features of most men you meet in the streets of the great cities are full of a grave seriousness, a concentrated earnestness which imparts a certain dignity to American features, as if the 'empire of work' weighed heavily upon them. Business and work appear upon every line of the face. All day long, Business is king. I know not whether Americans carry business to their homes or whether they ever *really* sleep. They appear to

me to succeed in 'crowding' a good deal of sunshine out of their lives.

FEATURES.

When in repose, the American typical face is not devoid of a certain dignity and beauty. The Roundhead custom of 'cropping' the hair very close, together with the general practice of shaving all hair off the face except the moustache, impart to the square and somewhat massive features a style which, from its resemblance to the portraits on the Roman coins of the Empire, may not inaptly be termed—as I have ventured to term it—Romanesque.

'THANK YOU.'

'Thank you' are words rarely heard in this polite and courteous country, even among equals, for any little service rendered. To inferiors or to servants I do not think I ever heard them applied. Now, to speak now and then an appreciative word to a servant of either sex, whether black or white, is a little gleam of sunshine in their hard-working lives. Why should you not, in this free and equal

country, raise your hat to the poor girl you meet in the hotel corridor, who is brushing and dusting all day long in a ceaseless round of humdrum toil, as well as to the luxurious, well-dressed lady you meet in the 'elevators,' who lives in her hotel at ease? Both are women, and have a right to a little kindly, graceful courtesy. Why not 'thank' the 'call boy' at your hotel, who runs up the weary staircases to answer your bell so readily? Why not 'thank' the 'elevator boy' as he respectfully renders you the usual service of conveying you so promptly from floor to floor of your hotel, so convenient to you, so wearisome to him in his ceaseless round of ascending or descending duty? You may say, 'They are paid to attend your wishes; what more is needed?' Nevertheless, a kindly word, a look of sympathy, costs you so little, and—if it puts a little gleam of sunshine into their lives—is to them so much.

What may be the custom amongst Eastern people, who I understood are more Conservative—have a higher culture and a more reposeful character, are what Western Americans are fond of terming 'high toned'—I know not; I only speak of

what I saw amongst that portion of the people who take their full share in 'running the country,' who travel on railroads, or whom I met in offices or warehouses, or saw in the great hotels. This refusal to express 'thanks' may possibly arise from the circumstance that our American cousins are equals, are, in fact, 'a sovereign people,' nearly every man of whom may consider himself 'every inch a king,' who has the natural right to accept any little service, without wasting words upon such a purely sentimental old-time fossil as 'Thank you.' Nevertheless, such a development amongst a people so naturally courteous as Americans, like some other democratic developments, can hardly be said to belong to the courtesies or amenities of life.

SMOKING, CHEWING, AND SPITTING.

Dickens, in his 'American Notes,' denounced these habits in unmeasured terms. Since his time a great change for the better has taken place. Chewing tobacco, though still practised, cannot, I think, now be regarded as a national habit. Cigar and cigarette smoking is practically universal.

The 'pipe' is bad enough, but the cigar for inhaling nicotine, from both ends, is far more effective and far more deleterious. The American climate is doubtless largely responsible for the sallow complexions one sees everywhere, but inordinate 'cigar smoking' is very effective in the same direction. Spitting, offensive at all times, as in Dickens' first visit to the States, no longer makes a mark at stoves, or covers carpets or floors with its detestable nastiness, perhaps because in every railway car, in every office, corridor, bedroom, parlour, or hall, bright nickel cuspidores or spittoons, placed in abundance everywhere, offer a convenient 'bull's eye,' which the most careless 'spitter' cannot well miss.

SITTING.

Some people never know how to place their hands ; Americans often seem at a loss what to do with their feet. Though they can no longer be delineated as always endeavouring to throw their legs across the back of a chair, or as stretching them from side to side of a mantel-piece or shelf as high or higher than their heads, they have still

a great affinity for putting their feet on anything well off the ground. Why, I don't exactly know, unless it be that they have a hazy notion that their hard, overworked brain needs all the blood it can get, and so, by putting their legs well up, they drive a little more of the vital fluid that way.

THE PLEASURES OF THE TABLE.

The American hotel system gives you many a curious study. The great hotel, with its thousand rooms, its marble floors, its elegant *parqueterie*, its elevators, its mirrors, its handsome dining-halls, its liberal *menus*, or bills of fare, is the very abode of luxurious life.

In these great hotels, children grow into girls, girls into women, in absolute ignorance of household affairs, knowing less of cookery than an Indian squaw. To such people 'home life' is an enigma and a nuisance.

Hundreds of people congregate in the great dining-halls at breakfast, dinner, or supper, around small tables, each laid for six or eight guests.

It is dinner. A black attendant escorts you to

your table. After awhile your appointed 'waiter,' with silent dignity, fills a large goblet with iced water. Your black attendant having thus provided for your wants, leaves you to sip the cold liquid at your leisure. Whether drinking iced water in a temperature of 90° Fahr. is injurious nobody cares; it is pleasant and so nice, then why bother about dyspepsia or indigestion? After ten minutes or so, your waiter flits round your table, placing at proper points several little dishes about the size of a dollar or crown piece. This done, he leaves you for a short interval. By this time your American *vis-à-vis* has emptied his goblet, and is engaged looking at nothing, but undoubtedly becoming, by constant practice at table, a very patient person. Once more, your sable servitor surrounds your table, placing before you with silent grace a *menu* elegantly tinted in pale pink, blue, green, or primrose, containing a list, say, of forty dishes. Having submitted this important document, he leaves you to ponder over its contents in peace. If you are a Colonist or an Englishman of simple tastes, you make your selection promptly and wait for the waiter. After a proper interval, your polite atten-

dant once more approaches, and circulates round your table as before. Twenty minutes have passed since you took your seat in the palatial dining-hall. You have emptied your goblet long ago, and have been amusing yourself at intervals with grapes or peaches, or their frequent substitute, water-melons. Two hundred people have been doing exactly the same thing. No vulgar clatter of knives and forks. No chatter. No calls of 'Waiter ! Waiter !' Everybody is silent, waiting, and possibly hungry. What a school for patience ! No wonder, after such training, that the Americans are a truly patient people.

Whatever may be said of coloured servitors, American ladies and gentlemen are undeniably excellent 'waiters.' Your sable servitor now bends with dignified grace to receive your commands. Being a simple liver, you say, 'White fish, without sauce.' He looks at you with a hurt and disappointed air, but passes to your companion.

He is an American, and knowing what he wants—whether good for him or not does not appear to trouble him—he reads off his *menu* in measured tones, and with a slight interval between

each dish, says, deliberately and calmly, 'tomato soup ;' 'boiled codfish, lobster sauce ;' 'corned beef and cabbage ;' 'escallops of veal ;' 'lamb and green peas ;' 'spring chicken ;' 'potatoes mashed, baked sweet potatoes, and Lima beans.' After an interval the unforgetful waiter brings on 'tomato soup,' following up in steady succession with every dish ordered. With a celerity both amusing and amazing, your companion discusses each dish as it comes. Whilst engaged with 'lamb and green peas,' he gives a forward order from the *menu* at his side, 'farina pudding ;' 'apricot pie ;' 'mixed cakes ;' 'ladies' fingers ;' winding up with 'ice cream,' 'cheese and coffee.' After all this, judge of my surprise at seeing the negro waiter gracefully bringing the top of his closely-shaven crown to the level of the American's nose, and saying in solemn tones, without the slightest trace of emotion, either in his dignified person or in his statuesque features, 'Suthin' more?' The extraordinary thing is, that an American is able to cut his way through this medley with the electro-plated knives he uses. These knives seem to be made out of one piece of what looks like hoop iron, blade and handle in one

piece, the latter rounded up to fit the hand. Being silver-plated, it saves polishing certainly, but it *does not* cut. When you in your turn tackle your roast beef with this electro-plated weapon, you try both blunt black edges, back and front, with only a mangling result.

You cease to wonder at American patience, and begin to admire American patriotism, which, rather than use Sheffield cutlery, puts up, or rather, cuts up with such a tool as this hoop-iron knife. No wonder the tough American beef seems tougher. All over the States I visited, this execrable knife was placed on the table three times every day. Utterly without temper of its own, what must be its effect upon the tempers of those who use it? No wonder that sheaves of toothpicks are on every table, or are presented to you as you emerge from the dining-hall.

PATIENCE.

The patience of the American is remarkable. Trifles don't seem to affect him. He will run his shins against one of the numerous obstructions on the sidewalks of the cities, or come near tumbling

headforemost into a 'dive' or other hole in the side-path, without outwardly either praying or swearing, doing apparently nothing more than rubbing his shins and going on his way, probably mentally rejoicing that if the 'administration' of the laws is all wrong, at least 'the laws' themselves are all right. Probably an American is occasionally excited about political contests, stock-jobbing, or trotting horses, but generally he maintains a quiet demeanour, speaking little, laughing never, or hardly ever. He appears to have the habit of concentrating his thoughts on matters not very far outside himself or his own interests. He habitually submits to grievances of various sorts with a severe philosophy, as different as possible from the fussy impatience of his Australasian kinsman.

In more important grievances he manifests a similar patient spirit. Do Irish patriots talk and scheme themselves into most of the public 'offices' in his city or State, from the policemen upwards? He looks after the schemes which may increase his own dollars, and leaves Irish orators to 'befool the people to the top of their bent.' Do great railroad rings or kings sometimes let him feel their power,

without asking his consent? He winces a little perhaps, but does nothing more. He tells you political corruption is a scandal, and permeates everything. Does he make himself unhappy about it, or do anything to remove it? No, usually he does nothing in this, as in all other matters which only concern his personal convenience, or relate to public affairs, but do not much interfere with his own hunt after 'dollars.' He comforts himself with the thought that everything 'will come right in time,' and if it does not, 'why,' he tells you, 'United States citizens will submit to a great deal.' 'They will let things go wrong a long way.' 'But, sir,' he adds, 'not too far wrong, for when it comes to that, the nation, the United States people, puts its foot down, shoots a hundred strikers, or anarchists in the streets, and puts things right. Why, certainly.' In the matter of patience, is the American not a very Job?

THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE.

Every man in America is a king, but as a matter of course he has no subjects, except those he or the 'caucus' elects to rule him. There is a

story told of a procession of the State legislators passing through the streets of the city of Boston headed by the Marshal. Meeting a procession of the people, the Marshal roared out, 'Make way for the State Legislature.' 'Make way for the people,' shouted the opposite leader. 'The people made the legislators; make way for your masters, the people.' And the legislators politely allowed the sovereign people to have precedence.

A man may be born with a bigger nose than the baby in the next cradle; he may have red hair, or a black face; but no matter, since the abolition of slavery the American theory has been a fact, after a fashion, that all men are born free and equal. Nevertheless, history has no record of any country, in a hundred years of peace, having produced so large a number of men with such enormous fortunes as this free and equal Republic in the first century of its existence.

AMERICAN LADIES.

The American lady dresses well. The younger lady has a slight, elegant figure, and is altogether

a vivacious, delicate, charming personage. Her complexion is not brilliant, sometimes not good. She often either affects, or possesses naturally, a certain delicate languor, which, whilst interesting, does not convey the idea of robust health. She loses much in not taking more outdoor exercise, either on foot or horseback. She nevertheless possesses a charming independence, vivacity, and freedom of manner—but yet so far removed from forwardness or vulgarity as to make her extremely pleasant, frank, and agreeable. She is said to be more fond of pleasure than desirous of engaging much in domestic cares.

I might, of course, remark on the foolish practice, too common amongst certain classes of American women, of painting and powdering their faces to the certain ruin of their complexions; but as this practice is not at all peculiar to American ladies, it calls only for the general remark, that whether in England, France, America, or elsewhere, such a hideous practice betrays a woful ignorance of what is conducive to comeliness or health.

The elder ladies have better rounded figures, are

not perhaps more self-possessed than their younger sisters, yet with an air of quiet, friendly, matronly, cheerful dignity which is very attractive. American women of every class are everywhere treated with great courtesy and consideration by men of all ranks. Whenever a lady enters an 'elevator' every gentleman takes off his hat, and if seated, at once rises, and continues standing and uncovered till she steps from the 'elevator.' I observed that whenever husband and wife travelled together, he uniformly treated her with the utmost consideration, and whenever a baby was of the party, he relieved her of it on all possible occasions. So safe, and so independent and helpful are women in the United States, that I frequently noticed a lady with her baby travelling without any escort. In two cases which I noted, for very long distances : in one case 1,500 miles, in the other over 2,000 miles. I was told that women of any age, if they conduct themselves with propriety, may usually traverse the streets of any city after nightfall without even the roughest character offering them the slightest insult.

CRIMES AGAINST WOMEN.

It must not, however, be supposed that there are no exceptions to this general courtesy shown to women. There are, of course, villains in the United States as elsewhere. Australasian Colonists have been recently horrified by the scandalous outrages perpetrated upon a young woman by a gang of brutal villains at Mount Rennie, near Sydney, four of whom, notwithstanding the outcries of some fools and rogues in New South Wales, have been justly hanged for their crime. Lest New South Wales should be regarded as having a bad pre-eminence over courteous America in this atrocious class of crime, I may append a clipping from an American newspaper, detailing an outrage which was committed during my recent visit to the States :—

HANGING TOO GOOD FOR THEM.

‘ *Nohart, Neb., Sept. 20.*—Saturday, three men of this place, while hunting on the Indian reservation, found a girl eighteen years old, handcuffed

and chained in an old dug-out. Her clothing was partly torn off, and she was about dead from hunger and exposure. Her name is Mary Lathrop, of Rhinebeck, Iowa. About five weeks ago she was enticed from her home by a young man to whom she was engaged to be married, and when about ten miles from home they were joined by three other young men. They kept her there to gratify their passions. A lynching party has been organised, and, if found, these fiends will be promptly hanged.'

A REMEDY.

Our ancestors punished this crime with death. Their ancestors sometimes punished it in another but equally effective manner. When modern conceit has learnt to allow that the 'wisdom of the ancients' was not altogether folly, it may have the sense to protect defenceless women from the savage passions of brutal men, by adopting the ancient but absolutely effective remedy for the atrocious crime of rape.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

The employment of ladies as clerks, typewriters, and in various occupations in offices and warehouses is common ; their presence exercising a wholesome influence over the young fellows employed in the same office. At the various political meetings I attended, I noticed a large sprinkling of women, whose presence, I think, exerted a restraining influence on the crowds of men frequenting the meetings.

MATERNITY.

I may, in this place, refer to a subject which caused me more unpleasant and more painful feelings than any other circumstance which came under my observation in the United States.

The young American woman is said to be fond of children, so long as she has none of her own, or has at most no more than one or two. Beyond that number, I understood, she would rather not go. How far this arises from the

servant-girl difficulty, or from the love of an easy luxurious life in hotels or in furnished lodgings, or whether because she and her husband think her physical strength unequal to rearing such large families as are common in England and the Colonies, or whether, as I think, partially from the excessive variation of temperature from ninety degrees in summer to thirty degrees below zero in winter, opinions vary.

THE DARK SIDE.

From these causes, and from certain shameful practices too well known, there can be no doubt that the average number of children—being no more than one or two—per family amongst native-born Americans is very low—dangerously low—for the true welfare and reasonable progress of the great American nation. This—the darkest feature of American life, however produced—is so pregnant of evil, so ominous for the future, so destructive of all healthy home life, as to demand the most earnest attention of every good citizen of this

great and, in so many respects, free and noble nation.

Drinking saloons, dives, and drinking-shops generally, in some of the States, have been absolutely prohibited. But in the drug stores—though the sale of poison is surrounded with safeguards—instruments and appliances of vice and immorality are openly sold, which are affecting, with a far more deadly canker than either whisky or poison, the vital energy and reproductive powers of large sections of the people of the United States. Nor are the Australasian Colonies altogether free from this black and deadly taint. Both in the United States and in the Australasian Colonies we visit with the severest penalties, medical men and others who aid in procuring abortion ; but we permit aids to certain preliminary practices, as immoral, as dastardly, as cowardly, as nefarious, and as effective, to be openly sold in drug stores, without penalty, question, or comment.

Can this atrocious and deadly wickedness be allowed to go on without check ?

There is but one strong, decisive answer.

If we cherish the chastity, the honour, the health of woman, No. If we value whatever is manly and noble in man, No. If we and our American cousins are not dead to all sense of honour and virtue, No. If we do not wish to blight for ever the young nations we are making, No.

CHAPTER IX.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

WHO are these men and women with some of whom it has been my privilege to mingle for a season, too short to know them fully, but long enough to feel that they are a great people, with many great virtues and some great faults?

In the preceding chapters I have told my readers how they have built great cities; how they have won great stores of gold and silver from the mountain and the mine; how they have spread over their boundless plains, and have covered them with a vast network of iron.

It was of this people that Sydney Smith, in 1820, wrote in the 'Edinburgh Review,' as follows:—
'The Americans are a brave, industrious, and acute people; but they have hitherto given no indications of genius, and made no approaches to the heroic

either in their morality or character. During the thirty or forty years of their independence they have done absolutely nothing for the sciences, the arts, for literature, or even for the statesmanlike studies of politics or political economy.'

The witty, if not wise, Reviewer might as well have said that Washington in his infancy gave no indication of military or administrative genius ; that Prescott in his childhood gave no promise of historic ability ; that Washington Irving and Longfellow in their boyhood did absolutely nothing for literature or poetry ; that Franklin and Morse in their youth achieved nothing for science ; and that Lincoln, when splitting rails in Illinois, did absolutely nothing for the political progress of his country, nothing for the rights of man.

It is well to remember, if the Edinburgh Reviewer had forgotten, that—in the first forty years of their independence—Americans were engaged in ceaseless struggles with their savage Indian foes ; in planting isolated homes in their trackless forests ; in exploring their mighty rivers and their illimitable prairies.

If the Reviewer had been more correct in

measuring the circumstances, he would have been more just in his criticisms. Had he realised their difficulties and their position, he would have seen that a people engaged in the necessary, and not less necessary than heroic, work of building up a young nation, incurred no opprobrium, and deserved no censure, because they did not write poems when they were handling the rifle ; because they did not chisel statues when they were wielding the axe ; because they did not erect grand temples when they were building log huts. The founders and pioneers of the United States saw, what the cynical Reviewer did not see, that they were laying the foundations of a great nation, which in the coming time might at least give the promise, when it had the opportunity, of developing the arts both of peace and war. This promise it has, as I think, so far fulfilled, as to place the United States in the foremost rank of modern nations.

WHO ARE THE AMERICANS?

Who, then, are this people who, in the first century of their existence as an independent nation,

have built up this Great Republic? And what are the latent forces which have enabled them to develop so great a measure of energy and enterprise in so short a period? The most potent of these forces is that Americans, in literature, religion, laws, and life, are English; that, like Englishmen, they sprang from no one race. What strain of blood flows in the veins of the Englishman of to-day? Is it British, Celtic, Roman, Saxon, Danish, Norman, Teutonic? It is no one of these: it is all of them, coursing in one mingled, masterful stream through the arteries of our national life, producing that great race which has located itself in so many countries; which holds so many points of vantage throughout the world; which bids defiance to every extreme of climate; which has planted its laws, its literature, its religion, its home life, and its free institutions in all lands discovered by English enterprise, or conquered by English valour. What the irruptions of Roman, Saxon, Norse, and Norman did for England, the great migrations of English, Scotch, Irish, Scandinavian, and Teuton have done for America. England for ages has been the safe asylum, the restful haven, the free

arena for the persecuted, the distressed, and the enterprising of many nations. In like manner the Great Republic has received with open arms the millions upon millions of men, whom successive waves of migration have swept from the poverty and the despotism of Europe, to seek and to find prosperity and freedom in the United States of America.

THE UNITED STATES OF ENGLAND AND
AMERICA.

Before the great Civil War the lines of American policy were broadly drawn. The North had the truer idea of National Life. It maintained an unwavering fidelity to the 'Union of Free States,' resulting in a grand Federated Nation, careless, for the time, of the duration of slavery, but determined at all hazards that it should extend no further.

The South, more aristocratic, yet with far narrower and more selfish aims, placed 'Slavery' first, 'The Union' second, ready to sacrifice not only 'the rights of man,' but their country also, on

the black altar of slavery. Never in the history of mankind has been witnessed so great a struggle, or a contest with graver issues more clearly defined. The modern world watched the terrible struggle with an absorbing interest befitting the magnitude of the contest. In truth, great as were the issues, their far-reaching influences are even yet not fully measured. Had Two Nations emerged from the Titanic contest, the continent of North America in each succeeding century would have become an arena as bloody as the Continent of Europe has for ages been, and the English-speaking race, instead of drawing closer its bonds of sympathy and racial affinity, instead of steadfastly and surely—if silently and slowly—preparing to unite in one grand Confederated Dominion with its commanding positions, its continental areas, its varied products, its thousand islands, its banners gleaming on every ocean and on every sea—would have delayed through centuries of blood and turmoil its glorious mission of securing the PEACE OF THE WORLD, THE HAPPINESS OF HUMANITY.

For let there be but once firmly established the United States of England, and her free children

throughout the world, there will have been struck a greater blow at tyranny, war, misery, and ruin, than has ever been struck since the Founder of Christianity proclaimed 'peace on earth and goodwill to man.'

NOT IN VAIN.

The wide dispersion of the English-speaking race over the world is a phenomenon too remarkable either to be accepted as a matter of course, or to be regarded merely as an evidence that the imperial spirit animates the English-speaking division of the human family.

In a universe, in which nothing lives or dies in vain ; in which no flower blooms, or insect crawls its day and dies ; in which no grain of sand, no mountain mass, exists in vain ; in which no dew-drop sparkles, no ocean heaves, without exerting a lesser or a larger influence : such a term as 'in vain' has no meaning. No word of God returns unto Him void ; nor is any action of His, small or great, done in the universal realm of Nature over which He reigns, without accomplishing His purpose.

If this be so, it may well be asserted that no man, no nation, ever existed or faded away in vain. Can, therefore, such a development as the wide dispersion and dominion of the English-speaking race have been permitted, without being intended to exert an influence upon the destiny of the human family greater than that exerted by any other people, ancient or modern ?

In this view it may not be without interest to consider certain problems which are now being presented for solution by the great division of the English-speaking race dwelling in the United States of America.

CRUCIAL QUESTIONS.

Let me shortly pass under review some of the questions which a long course of reading, and a close personal inquiry during a hundred discussions with Americans of all classes, during my recent visit to the States, have enabled me in a measure to examine.

These questions are not all of equal importance. Some of them may appear at first sight to concern

only the people of the United States, but that is not really so. For the progress of industry, the backward or forward march of opinion; the development of Democracy under new conditions, the effect of ceaseless toil on life and energy ; the aspirations, the objects—the ideals and the reals—of this young, vigorous, earnest, masterful nation, are, I venture to think, full of interest to men of English blood all over the world.

With a warm admiration for the noble institutions of this great country, with a deep sympathy for the difficulties and dangers which are—as I think—confronting its people, I should fail in my duty to them, I should betray the sacred principles of freedom which belong not to them only, nor yet to their English brethren, but to humanity at large, if I permitted a spirit of cowardice or flattery to prevent my speaking what I believe to be truth.

POLITICS.

Americans are subject to a delusion so curious that it would be ludicrous did it not involve consequences so serious to the legitimate working-out

of the theory of a real Republic, which may be taken to be 'Government by the People for the People.' This delusion consists in the popular idea that Americans are the freest people 'on this planet ;' that they have no aristocracy, no classes ; that their political institutions, and their modes of working them are absolutely the wisest, the purest, and the best to be found in any nation. Theoretically—with the exception of the majority of the English Colonies—that is true. Practically, it is not so true as every well-wisher to the success of the Democratic principle would desire it to be.

It is only fair to say, regarding this delusion, that the scales are already falling from the eyes of many beholders. Americans are beginning to find that they have 'classes' of very distinct and pronounced types ; and that if they have no 'House of Lords,' with its hereditary splendours and mild functions ; that if they have no 'Queen,' who reigns but does not rule ; they have aristocrats and 'kings' of various breeds : 'cattle kings,' 'timber kings,' 'silver kings,' and 'railway kings.'

These 'kings' are new men, with the garish splendours of *parvenus*, and, often, with little that

is 'gentle' in their rule or in themselves. The variety last named—the 'railway kings'—it is said by Americans themselves, leave to the smaller producers the least value possible of the produce they raise which will allow them to live, taking the balance for transit charges. These 'railroad kings' occasionally have little quarrels before the public, carrying people and merchandise at little figures, but not doing that 'little' long. For having done 'that much,' to show Americans how free they are, the railroad rulers clasp hands again, and make the 'rings' and 'kings' closer and stronger than before.

To Englishmen and English Colonists American politics are a puzzle. Theoretically the American Constitution possesses every element of freedom. It claims (theoretically) to provide for the government of the people by the people. It has no reigning family, no aristocracy, no privileged classes.

But yet, owing to various causes, this noble promise and flower of freedom is steadily developing a condition of things grievously disappointing to every well-wisher to American institutions.

Two great parties—Republican and Democrat—apparently rule the destinies of the nation. The ‘figure-head’ politicians at Washington are selected by Republican or Democratic Conventions. The ‘convention’ is nominated by the ‘caucus,’ the ‘caucus’ in its turn being nominated and controlled, in some cases, by secret irresponsible ‘rings,’ in others by ‘political bosses.’

The ‘caucus’ registers the decision of the ‘ring,’ or ‘boss.’ The ‘convention,’ after no end of talk and voting, obeys the commands of the ‘caucus,’ and puts out ‘the ticket,’ or list of candidates, for the election of which the people vote, or such of them as care to play a part in the farce.

Meantime the newspapers, with some exceptions on each side, collect and print day by day every story, true or false, every calumny, however black or dirty, every private or social scandal, and hurl them with rancorous venom at the heads of the candidates opposed to them.

To use the words of an eminent New York divine, which I heard spoken from a pulpit in Minneapolis, ‘What man of sensibility, what man of honour, has the moral courage to run the gaunt-

let of such a tempest of foul black-mouthed abuse? What wonder if many of the best men in the United States are displaying less and less inclination to wade through these foul waters of lies and slander?' What wonder, if this be so, if the 'politics' of this noble country are steadily drifting into the hands of professional politicians, mercenary charlatans, and brazen-faced rogues, who are adepts in the science of what is known in America as 'covering up the tracks?'—which means, in plain words, hiding the corruption they practice.

What wonder if venality and corruption pervade nearly every avenue to power, and obstruct almost every avenue to justice? What wonder if the 'rings,' to use an Americanism, 'do their stealing' with comparative impunity? What wonder if this great country, so loud in its talk about freedom, should be deprived of so much of its reality?

CHAPTER X.

AMERICAN POLICY.

THE American citizen is undoubtedly a patriot, though after a somewhat narrow and selfish fashion. He is proud of his country, and in many respects he has good reason to be so. In his inner consciousness he is devoted to the 'real,' and, in a less practical form, to the 'ideal.' His 'real' is the 'dollar;' his 'ideal' his 'country.' The 'dollar' he worships with a pagan devotion, and he pursues the 'cult' with unwearied personal ardour. His country he regards as so great, so free, and so firmly established, that he appears to think he may safely abandon its interests to those whose business it is 'to make politics pay.' Then, when corruption has made the political atmosphere too 'hot' for comfort, the 'silent majority' opens its mouth, thunders from a thousand pulpits and ten thou-

sand platforms, gets up, in fact, a genuine political thunderstorm, which clears the air, and the 'political rogues,' to use an Americanism, are 'up a tree ;' or like chestnut monkeys going to sea on the back of a whale get washed off, when the nation breathes freely, the country goes on as before, and the 'silent majority' settles down once more to pursue the 'almighty dollar' with its accustomed ardour.

American polity may be separated into two broadly-marked divisions—Isolation, and Protection to Native Industry.

ISOLATION.

American foreign policy may perhaps in some respects be narrow ; may be more or less rigidly confined to their own interests, and be circumscribed by the views they hold of the lines on which their national life should run. In this they differ only from other great nations, in that they have resolutely refused to have a foreign policy at all, and have confined themselves to their idea of 'America for the Americans,' leaving other countries to take care of themselves. But, however narrow

we may think their ideas of national work and duty may be, they are unquestionably carrying them out with a vigorous determination and a concentrated energy, before which many obstacles disappear, but which are certainly developing difficulties, that will need a sounder policy and a wider sympathy to conquer.

The Monroe doctrine of 'America for the Americans' may have, I think, a much wider significance than its author probably intended. For a great nation to have no foreign policy, to feel no interest in the doings of the great world outside itself, however extensive its territories, is to dwarf the intellect and narrow the sympathies of its people. 'Happy the land that is without a history' sounds well, but may be nothing better than the small drivel of a man without a soul. To cultivate farms, to build cities, to make railroads, boots, and toothpicks, may be all necessary and meritorious occupations. If these be all, they may be done by big people with little souls. But they ought to form, and really do form, only a very small part of the nobler life of a nation really great. To many Americans the world practically

began with the discovery of America. Columbus, as a Maori would put it, 'fished up a New World;' then why bother with the Old?

To ignore practically the great events of Greek and Roman story, to refuse to trace the migrations, the struggles, the sufferings, the achievements of the men of the olden time, is to despise the teaching of the past, to refuse the lessons of wisdom which the experience of the past offers us, and can only result in our own great loss and damage.

One word expresses both the cause and effect of such a condition, namely, ISOLATION.

Let me briefly indicate the consequences of Isolation, individually, social, and national. What is the end of an Australian shepherd, isolated by long distances from his fellows? Insanity. What finally the condition of a little village which will have no dealings with its neighbours? Unprogressive stupidity. What must ultimately be the condition of a country which builds an iron wall of Protection round its shores? What must be the condition of a nation which so isolates itself, yet looks for a 'good will' from other nations, which it refuses to show to them? What other word than

so odious a term as 'intense selfishness' can be found to express it?

PROTECTION.

Since the Civil War of 1865, a distinctive feature of American policy has been Protection to National Industry. This has been secured by imposing exceedingly heavy duties on two-thirds of all British products, as well as on those of other nations, ranging from 25 to 120 per cent., whilst, availing itself of the fatuous craze of one-sided Free Trade, dominant in England, America shipped in 1884 to Great Britain, free from duties, products mainly agricultural, to the value of 86,000,000*l.* sterling; importing in the same year British home products to the value only of 24,000,000*l.* sterling; upon a very large proportion of which heavy protective import duties were levied. Under this system, manufactures in the United States have been greatly stimulated, to the great profit of the small class of manufacturing capitalists, and to the great loss of the rest of the people by doubling the cost to them of many articles of necessary and common use; with the compensation afforded to

agricultural producers of the opportunity to ship their products to Great Britain—free. Whilst the undue stimulus to over-production by the agriculturists in the United States cannot be said to have benefited them, it is certain that it has greatly contributed to the ruin of British agriculture, and to the great diminution of the British Home Trade. This cannot long continue.

When England realises the folly of her one-sided Free Trade policy, which may be defined as enabling her 'to buy everywhere and to sell nowhere ;' when she treats America and other foreign nations as they treat her—taxing their products as they tax hers ; when she establishes a Customs' Union throughout her wide dominions, she will have done more to establish ultimately a world-wide Free Trade than all the Latter Day pamphlets of the Cobden Club will ever accomplish.

PATRIOTISM.

The great Civil War, though it cost the people much, welded North and South into a strong nation. When that great struggle ended, the Republica,

party, which had carried it through, imposed the Protective policy upon the nation. Nothing but the profound patriotism which animates Americans could have induced the great majority of the people to submit to a system of taxation, in the belief, that though it added to the wealth of the few, and greatly increased the cost of living to the many, yet that it would ultimately redound to the progress of the nation. If great sacrifices of this nature have been made in the United States, I warn 'our kin across the sea' that the two million democratic voters added to British Constituencies by Mr. Gladstone's recent legislation, may possibly adopt the logic and follow the example of their American cousins, and demand the imposition of import duties more or less heavy on American products, now admitted free to British ports. Should the United Kingdom, with the great circle of British Colonies and dependencies, be compelled to adopt the defensive policy of protecting themselves from the heavy imposts levied upon their products by the United States, the narrow selfishness of the action of the Republican party during the last quarter of a century, in thus calling for a retaliatory policy, will be respon-

sible for what may appear to be a directly backward step in the comity of nations, but what may really be, in its results, a decided step in the direction of absolute Free Trade amongst the various sections of the English-speaking race, and may be a great onward movement in the march towards universal peace and good-will amongst mankind.

LAWS OF HEALTH AND LIFE.

The most friendly observer of the American people can, I think, arrive at no other conclusion than that they recklessly disregard, in various ways, the laws of health and life. The extent and variety of dishes at table, the general habit of drinking iced water, the universal consumption of sweetmeats, the excessive heating of houses, the general prevalence of excessive cigar smoking : in all these, Americans show a singular disregard of the laws of health. Nor is the general prevalence of what I may term excessive shaving, I venture to think, conducive to health.

The 'barber' in the States is no small institution. So far as I saw, few gentlemen over forty-

five wore their beards. Under that age, the barber takes off the beard and sometimes the whiskers. Under thirty, nothing appears to be worn but the moustache. There is, I think, a strong tendency amongst younger men to make a clean sweep of everything. Generally speaking the nation may be said to be closely shaved, and I could not avoid the conclusion that far too many acres of shaving are done every morning in the United States. There can, I think, be little question that, but for this barbarous custom, the men of the United States would be generally a handsome race.

The excessive variation of temperature—from 90° to 100° Fahr. in summer, to 20° and 30° below zero in winter—must, I think, have a bad effect upon the general health. It is a disadvantage from which there is no escape, and will always be a set-off amongst the many advantages which settlement in the United States offers to immigrants. The habit of ‘overwork’ has, I think, a more severe and dangerous influence upon health than all other causes combined. Of this demon of ‘overwork’ I shall treat under a separate heading.

I noticed a general distaste for athletic or equestrian exercises—apart from driving in buggies or ‘sulkies.’ Australasians and Englishmen generally owe much of their robust health to their love of horses and outdoor sports. It may with truth be said that they are too ardent in their devotion to cricket, football, horse-racing and athletics generally; but Americans certainly err in the opposite direction. Beyond the national game of ‘baseball’ they have, so far as I could see, practically no other outdoor game.

During my stay in Chicago, a city of 700,000 inhabitants, I witnessed in the noble Lincoln Park a game of football and a game of cricket, at neither of which were present more than fifty spectators; whilst, shortly before my departure for America, a game of football was played between two rival clubs near Auckland, a city of 60,000 inhabitants, at which 10,000 enthusiastic spectators were present, many of the ladies wearing the colours of the clubs they favoured. Whether this singular departure from the traditions and practices of the parent race is due to climatic influences, or to the overweening pursuit

of what they call 'the almighty dollar,' I know not.

In a people so earnest, generous, brave, hospitable, and of conspicuous ability, one cannot but regret this general disregard for the laws of health and life.

That indigestion, dyspepsia, catarrh, bronchial affections, heart disease, the premature decay of vital energy, a too general low tone of health, and no end of ills, to which flesh need not be heir, are the natural results, can excite no surprise.

Well may Americans say with Burns,

'O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us !
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.'

OVERWORK.

Overwork is one of the sins of the Age. Above every other people, Americans are the greatest sinners. Life under high pressure appears to be their general condition. Look into the faces of the men you meet in the streets of their great cities

What do you see? A resolute determination and concentrated energy in the pursuit of lofty and noble ideals? No. You see men driven along by the fear of—to use a well-understood American term—‘going under.’ Hunted by the demon of a ruthless competition, you see men everywhere absorbed by this ignoble pursuit of ‘dollars;’ you see abundant evidences of the fierce struggle between the ‘millions and the millionaires.’ In this struggle for existence, this instance of the results of the popular dogma, ‘the survival of the fittest,’ you see men bald at forty, worn out at fifty. Sunday and weekday, night and day, the race is run at top speed. City men go down into untimely graves; their places filled by youths from the free, fresh air of country homes, who, in their turn, become prematurely old and die before their time.

It may well be asked, ‘Is the game worth the candle?’ Reason and common sense answer, ‘No.’ Can the pace continue? I think not.

Take a young, healthy, well-bred horse, full of stored-up energy and spirit, which, with reasonable treatment, will enable him to work throughout the term of his natural life. Suppose you put him on

his mettle, and tax his energies beyond his strength, he may be good for a 'spurt,' but he will be dead beat in a long day's run. Overtax and overwork the most willing and the most superb horse, and however distinguished his early career, however renowned his victories, is it not too common a fate, under such treatment, for a noble animal, so full of promise in his fiery youth, to sink into a feeble and premature age?

A well-bred, healthy American trotting horse will trot a mile in two minutes and nine seconds. Will he do the next mile in similar time, and the next? No. He cannot maintain the pace. If pushed, he breaks down, and becomes a ruin. Of course, none but a fool could so utterly disregard the laws of life in his case. And yet, in what does a man differ physically? Nature has imposed certain well-defined laws of life upon him. If these laws are observed—well. If not—the penalty is inflexibly exacted, and premature decay follows.

Now, it is clear to every observant man who visits the United States—it is perhaps equally clear to observant Americans themselves—that steady, persistent, unreasonable OVERWORK, con-

tinuous and hard, is the present actual condition of Americans of nearly all classes. Hand and brain, mind and body, are everywhere being overtaxed.

No country can point to such a marvellous hundred years' record as the United States of America. If we look at the deeds of this magnificent young giant, in arts, in inventions, in industrial works, in its great cities, in its vast railway works, in its marvellous agricultural conquests of the boundless wilderness—whilst we admire such astounding victories—we may well say, in the Pyrrhic spirit, 'Many more such victories won, and the winners will be undone.'

Can any mortal nature continue to bear such a nervous tension, such a deadly strain, as all this hard work involves? If the first century of the life of this great nation has made such a crowded and brilliant record, what will the next century achieve? Will the work be done or will the workers be worn out? May not the toilers under high pressure suffer a recoil, and die before their time, victims of overwork?

Will not this nation itself become feeble before its youth is gone?

When presenting this view to Americans I have more than once been reminded, that 'England needed ten centuries' to attain her present position, and have been asked, 'How then could two or three hundred years mark the limit of the wealth, power, and achievements of the United States?'

In reply to this query, I pointed out that in England life and work were slower than in the United States. I reminded my friends that a flower which springs up and matures in a day, often withers in a night. I cited the example of ancient Greece, which I make no apology for repeating here.

Greece lived a glorious life, but a short one. The bright array of its warriors, its legislators, and its philosophers, like a lightning gleam across the page of history, has not ceased to illumine and electrify every succeeding age. Within two or three centuries were crowded its immortal tragedies, its most brilliant victories, its peerless statues, its wondrous temples, its undying literature—in a word, Greece, by its miracles in poetry, prose, and marble, achieved a renown, that even in

the fragmentary decay in which these monuments of her glory have come down to our times, they far surpass in their splendid beauty, in their unequalled grandeur, the achievements of every other nation.

For two or three centuries Greece astonished the world like a brilliant meteor, and then her great deeds were ended, and her people disappeared from the arena of nations.

Her vital force, her mental vigour, her physical energy even, all had been exhausted in the supreme efforts of the two or three centuries during which she filled the world with her renown.

Genius, unregulated, superlative genius, is never very far from insanity or inanity. By some subtle law, of which we know nothing, the genius of a people seems to burst forth like a volcano, which, for a time, may shake the earth with its vibrations, or illumine both earth and sky with the splendour of its fiery coruscations, and then subsiding—with exceptions all too few—it leaves little more than black lava streams and desolate wastes, to mark the force and extent of its irresistible action.

The truth is, during the past century the genius

of man has called into active existence two forms of energy—steam and electricity—two subtle forces whose extent and energy we have not yet learned to measure or control.

Before these new developments of Nature's unknown and measureless energy, we stand face to face. We regard them as the indication and result of our own intensified and developed mental power.

But are we not in danger of forgetting that mental development must rest upon, and, in the last resort, must spring from physical strength? Whilst we have stimulated—intensely stimulated—the flame of our mental lamp, where is the oil to keep up the increased combustion? What of our bodies? Are they stronger; have they a greater stored-up physical energy than our ancestors possessed? We work harder: do we sleep better than they? Are we not steadily destroying the healthy balance between mind and body, without which the robust health of either cannot be long maintained? What of the heart diseases and nervous affections of which we are the slaves and the victims, and of which our fathers knew nothing?

Sitting, like the presumptuous son of Apollo, in

our flying chariot drawn by the two fiery horses of the Sun—steam and electricity—exultant at the pace we are going, and proud of our triumphant steeds, let us take care. Even now, before the first century of the race has closed, the pace is killing. How many of the charioteers are scattered on the course, feeble, worn-out and old before their time, mere wrecks of the bold, able men who but a little while ago held the reins ; their places taken as soon as, or before, they fall by others, who in their turn will for awhile urge on these tireless steeds, and then fall behind, wrecks like their predecessors, victims of overwork and ills, of which their ancestors neither dreamt nor feared. May we not as well reflect that, in calling into action Nature's stupendous forces, we may have raised a devil we cannot lay—a Frankenstein's monster, standing with drawn sword to destroy us ?

The Orientals tell a story from which our Age may draw a wholesome moral.

A fisherman had toiled all night and taken nothing, when, as morning dawned, he felt his net drag heavily. Joyfully drawing it ashore, he found to his disgust nothing more than a copper pot.

Turning from the shore disconsolate and weary, he was sorrowfully wending his way homeward, when he remembered seeing an inscription on the cover. Thinking the copper vessel might, after all, contain a store of gold or silver, he returned to the shore, and with some difficulty removed the cover. To his disappointment the vessel was empty. Soon, however, from the empty pot he observed a thick vapour rising, which, spreading over sea and land, slowly condensed into a gigantic demon. The poor fisherman trembled in mortal terror before the demon.

‘Prepare to die,’ said the demon.

‘What have I done?’ groaned the trembling fisherman.

‘I have sworn to kill the man that dragged me from the deep, and thy time has come,’ replied the demon.

‘Since thou art so ungrateful as to destroy me, let me at least say my last prayer.’

‘Let thy words be few, for thy time is short,’ growled the demon.

Whilst the poor fellow prayed, an inspiration came to him. Rising to his feet, he said :

‘I will not believe so mighty a demon ever dwelt in that small pot. Kill me, if thou wilt, but do not lie to me.’

‘I will not lie to thee,’ replied the fiend, ‘I will re-enter the vessel.’

Slowly the terrible demon dissolved into a thin haze, which covered the land and the sea as before, and then gradually settled down into the copper vessel, from which it had emerged a little while before. Instantly the fisherman put on the cover, and fastening it down, dragged the copper vessel once more into the sea, and returned joyfully to his wife and children.

The demons we have dragged from Nature’s depths stand confronting us. We call them our slaves, and we have compelled them to give us great stores of convenient things, and gold and silver, and apparel and luxury. Have they given us more sunshine in our lives, or more health, or more happiness in our homes?

Are they not becoming our masters? Are they not presenting to us a cup filled with weariness, discontent, misery, anarchy?

What is the remedy? I know not. Let others answer.

CANADA.

I made a short journey through a portion of the Canadian Dominion. I found myself in another atmosphere. Here at least men seemed to 'live.' The contrast between life and work in Canada and in the United States was very marked. Everything I saw in Canada seemed slow, measured, sure. It is the fashion in the States to sneer at this slow progress. The American city of Detroit, with its 250,000 inhabitants, is frequently contrasted with Windsor and its 6,000 people on the Canadian side of the frontier; and comparisons very unfavourable to Canada are constantly drawn therefrom.

Those who draw such comparisons, appear to me to ignore certain inexorable laws of life, certain laws of the conservation and dissipation of energy, which, neither in the life of individual man, nor yet in the broader, deeper, vaster current of the life of a nation, can be disregarded with safety.

The balance must, sooner or later, be struck. It appeared to me, if the present conditions of ceaseless toil on the one hand, and reasonable labour on the other, be continued for two or three centuries, that the United States will have arrived at the limit of its progress ; whilst Canada will be in the strong youth of a vigorous development.

NIAGARA.

What a scene ! What a world of waters ! What an overpowering roar ! What can possibly be said of a spectacle so grand, so unparalleled, so stupendous, so enthralling, so overwhelming ? What pen or pencil can pourtray this volume of mighty waters ? Crashing down into the fathomless depths below, at the rate of 1,500,000,000 cubic feet an hour, what mortal man can comprehend its vastness ? What mortal voice be heard in its resounding roar ? If thou wouldst in some feeble way make thy puny accents articulate ; if thou wouldst measure thy boasted strength against the resistless might of this Niagara—watch the autumn

leaf, as it silently descends on the breast of the mighty torrent at thy feet. It floats and flickers for an instant on the glassy brink, then is seen no more. So thy puny voice and feeble power are lost in its infinity.

CHAPTER XI.

AMERICAN PROBLEMS.

To people who wear green spectacles even a sandy desert appears green.

So a nation that looks at every question through a Democratic medium, as though in 'universal suffrage' it possessed a talisman equal to every emergency, able to grapple with every difficulty, strong enough to remedy every abuse, may, if its Democratic institutions are not honestly worked, be only looking through 'green spectacles.' A nation so neglecting its duty suffers great damage, and if, through such neglect, 'government by the people for the people' is proved to be a delusion, to be merely a desert seen through an illusory medium, then a great calamity will have fallen upon mankind.

American inventors endeavour to make their

machinery 'automatic;' that is, to do their work with the least possible help from manual labour. But the inventor knows well that the most perfect automatic machine requires watching and attention, or it will soon go wrong. Whilst the early American settlers were building log-huts, subduing the forest and the prairie, defending their homes against hostile Indians, making roads and building schools and churches; whilst simple primitive lives and aims were the chief objects of ambition; whilst the cities were small and the people were dressed in homespun; whilst politics were a 'means' and not 'an end:' universal suffrage was an automatic machine which answered its purpose sufficiently well, because it was carefully watched and honestly worked. But when luxury became a habit, and wealth a power, then the New World began to disclose many developments, supposed to belong only to despotic systems and to older civilisations.

The people of the United States have had the great advantage of having no antique abuses, no prescriptive rights, no class privileges, no State Church, no aristocratic or kingly usurpations, to

contend against and remove. Nor have they been troubled with feudal customs and usages hoary with age.

The Pilgrim Fathers sought in the New World for a liberty of conscience which was denied them in the Old. They found a 'clean sheet' there, to write upon it what they would. Beyond the 'Common Law of England'—itself the outcome of the ancient Roman Law—and a deep love for 'home,' their old home, and the home of the race, they took little else with them. Feudal manacles and musty precedents they left behind. And well these heroic men did their duty. In the 'Declaration of Independence,' their descendants completed the work their fathers had so well begun. How far the New England States succeeded in securing what of life is most worth living for, may be learnt from the testimony of Horace Greeley, who says of his early New England home :—

'I have never since known a community so generally moral, industrious, and friendly ; never one where so much good was known, and so little evil said, of neighbour by neighbour.'

Fifty years after the Declaration of Inde-

pendence, the grand march Westward commenced. Fifty years of unparalleled progress followed. That, and the stimulating influences of the gold discoveries, have since put universal suffrage and Democratic institutions on the American model on their trial, with results which are not altogether encouraging.

Liberty of speech, liberty of the citizen, liberty of the Press, the election of all the magistrates and the election of nearly all the judges, have, by the culpable indolence and grievous neglect of the better portion of American citizens, gone far to result in the creation of more gigantic monopolies, in the production of more colossal fortunes, in a greater cost of living, in the existence of greater political profligacy, in a greater spirit of unrest than the world has hitherto seen in any country claiming to be free. Nay, in the development of luxury and in the extent and variety of difficult problems, incipient or actual, the United States does not lag far behind some of the European nations which may be said to be the natural homes of the rights (?) of Kings and the wrongs of men.

The more prominent of the problems which

came under my notice during my recent visit to the United States were the 'Negro question ;' the 'Chinese question ;' 'The decay of veneration ;' 'Sunday desecration ;' the 'Labour troubles ;' the 'Laxity of the Law ;' the 'Irish difficulty ;' and the 'Election of magistrates and judges.'

Some of these problems are of direct and deep interest to all sections of the English-speaking race ; others more nearly concern 'our kin across the sea' in the United States. In treating these questions, it is, I hope, unnecessary for me to say that I propose to discuss them in no carping or sneering manner, but, like the mouse in the fable, I humbly hope to assist, in some small measure, in helping the lion out of the net.

I may here observe that the conclusions I have formed on all the more prominent questions I have treated in these papers, are the results of patient discussions—as full as circumstances permitted. These conclusions represent, in the main, American opinions, examined, criticised, disputed, modified, or accepted by me as they were discussed. Should the various opinions and conclusions expressed in the papers upon 'Our Kin Across the Sea' come under the notice of any of the American

gentlemen who, from time to time, took part in these discussions, I venture to hope that they will admit that the conclusions—if not in all cases absolutely correct—are, at least, reasonably fair, honest, and well intentioned.

THE NEGRO QUESTION.

For the 'Negro difficulty' the United States is not primarily responsible, having inherited it from England. The vital importance of the Negro question will be seen from the following figures, for the basis of which I am indebted to the 'Statesman's Year Book' for 1886:—

TOTAL POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

	1870.	1880.
White	33,678,000	36,822,000
Coloured	4,880,000	6,580,000
Total	38,558,000	43,402,000
White population	33,678,000	36,822,000
Deduct increase by immigration	2,281,000	2,812,000
	31,397,000	34,010,000
		31,397,000
Increase of white population in ten years by births		2,613,000
Or percentage of increase by births of		8.33
Total coloured population in 1880		6,580,000
„ „ „ 1870		4,880,000
Increase of coloured population in ten years		1,700,000
Or percentage of increase by births of		35.4

These figures merit—nay, demand—the attention of American citizens. Should the objects sought by the New American Party in their policy of ‘America for the Americans’ be ultimately secured, namely :—

(1) The practical stoppage of immigration,

And (2) The abolition of the Naturalisation Laws ; the people of the United States will be brought face to face with a ratio of increase by births as shown in the decade between 1870 and 1880,

For the white population, of 8·33 per cent.

For the coloured population, of 35·4 per cent.

Such a ratio of increase would in no long period make the blacks equal to the whites in number.

The consideration of these astounding figures led me to neglect no opportunity of eliciting the opinions of gentlemen from both North and South on the following points, namely :—

Are the coloured people improving in physical condition ? are they becoming more virtuous ? are they capable of education, and being educated ? are they acquiring property ? is their sense of re-

sponsibility increasing? are they capable of acquiring a knowledge of the common mechanical arts?

To all these queries, in a company of intelligent American gentlemen from North and South after a long, full, and patient examination and discussion, the answer was in each case decisively, Yes.

To the questions: Are they honestly inclined? are they manifesting a decided tendency to a honest, true religious sentiment and life? neither the evidence nor the conclusions were decisive.

The coloured people are of a much lower mental standard than their white fellow-citizens. But, considering the long period during which the black race was held in subjection, without education, with scanty opportunities for improving their position, with little responsibility, with no property, not even owning themselves, their wives, or their children, it cannot be reckoned surprising if they are inferior. Take any white men, say, big-headed Germans, or merry-hearted Frenchmen, or hard-headed Anglo-Saxons, and treat them for centuries as the Negroes have been treated, and it

would not be difficult to allow that a great mental deterioration would be apparent in each race.

Let these shamefully-wronged black people breathe the air of freedom, let them acquire freeholds, let them take part in working the free institutions of America for a century, and I venture to think that their mental standard will be far higher than now.

If these conclusions are fairly correct, there is, I think, hope for the white race, and hope for the black. On the contrary, if they are not correct, the future may well be regarded as gloomy and full of evil portent for both races.

Of course the 'caste line' remains with its difficulties increased as the mental differences between the two races diminish. If a mixture of blood be not possible, then, there will some day have to be written the story of 'Two Nations' *in one country*, with the difficulties and dangers incidental to such a condition.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

The Chinese question concerns both America and England. At present it may appear to be

of small moment to either country ; but, if I mistake not, it possesses possibilities which both nations may well take measures to control before it be too late. The Chinese difficulty is a direct consequence of the folly or avarice of our rulers, both in the British Empire and in the United States. In the interests of English and American commerce the Chinese Emperor was compelled, by the logic of cannon law, to admit foreigners to reside and trade in certain Chinese ports ; similar treaty rights being granted to Chinese people to reside, trade, and work in the United States and in the British dominions.

When these treaties were made, the astute British and American diplomatists did not suppose the right of residing in foreign countries would ever be availed of beyond a limited extent by so conservative and exclusive a people as the Chinese. They were mistaken ; for the position and condition of California and the Australasian Colonies, not many years after the ratification of the treaties, attracted Chinese immigrants to both countries in large numbers.

Now, though John Chinaman is industrious,

expert, obedient, inoffensive, thrifty, and, except in opium smoking and gambling, is fairly temperate, he can never become a true colonist. His social habits and certain nameless vices render him altogether unfit to form a portion of any Anglo-Saxon community. In addition, he is very obnoxious to white working-men, on the ground that he works for much lower wages than they are willing to accept, or can exist upon.

But though white working-men doubtless oppose the introduction of Chinese mainly on the wages question, there lies, I think, below that another influence—not so apparent, but nevertheless a very real force, namely, *the racial instinct* of self-preservation.

In California, popular discontent has frequently manifested itself in outrages. One of these outrages occurred a few months before my visit to the States, at Rock Springs, a small coal-mining town on the Union Pacific Railroad, when thirty Chinese miners were killed in an affray. This outrage called forth strong representations from the Emperor of China. It is clear that such a condition of things cannot long continue. I understand

that Chinese immigration into the United States has been prohibited for ten years. Notwithstanding the necessity for such a measure, I confess I cannot see its legality, if treaty rights are to be respected.

In the Australasian Colonies 10*l.* per head is levied on every Chinaman landed.

The strong and growing determination of the people of both countries to prevent the admission of the Chinese cannot safely be disregarded. In this, as in some other instances, though I by no means accept the saying that 'The voice of the people is the voice of God,' still, I think the demand of the great majority of the people for the exclusion of the Chinese absolutely *right*—apart from treaty obligations. In one form or another this demand must eventually be conceded.

We must look at the fact that behind these first Chinese immigrants there lies a nation of four hundred millions of Mongolians, which, if not prevented, may, and probably will, overrun large portions of the United States and the Australasian Colonies with vast hordes of Mongolian invaders, who may so change these new countries as to

replace their homelike, vigorous, Anglo-Saxon life by a hideous hybrid development of a Mongolian type, making these fair lands nothing better than Chinese colonies ; in short, repeating in a hundred cities the horrors of Chinatown in San Francisco.

If there be even a possibility of this forecast becoming a reality in the future, it is abundantly necessary to adopt vigorous measures to prevent such a calamity before it be too late.

There is the further consideration that, whilst in China, John Chinaman, controlled by ancient usage and despotic power, is comparatively inoffensive, in Australasia, where as yet he forms only a very small part of the population, he is also inoffensive and obedient. But in the Hawaian Islands, where he outnumbers the European population by nearly two to one, he is a very different person. As an element which Australasian Colonists cannot ignore, it must not be forgotten that, in any struggle between the British Empire and Russia, China will be our most potent and effective ally. It is therefore of the utmost moment that we treat her with fairness and consideration.

It appears to me that an arrangement between the respective Governments to limit the annual immigration of Chinese into the United States and Australasia, to the number of Americans and English entering China, in each year, as residents, would settle the present difficulty and prevent the future danger, without resorting to the abrogation of the treaties. If such a remedy be found impracticable, then, however important the tea trade, the opium trade, or the general trade of China may be to the respective nations, I think the question is of such paramount importance that, if the people of the United States and the Australasian Colonies do their duty, they will, at all costs, demand the abrogation of the treaties.

VENERATION.

In both the United States and the Australasian Colonies veneration is in danger of becoming a 'lost' emotion. Respect for authority, and the virtue of obedience, are steadily ceasing to influence large numbers of young men and women. This dangerous development is, I think, greatly due, first to the rampant democracy current both in

the United States and in the British Colonies, and second, to the atheistic philosophy so much in fashion in our times. To whatever cause the decay of veneration, of respect for authority, and of obedience may be due, it is directly developing 'larrikinism' and 'hoodlumism,' and destroying religious sentiment and parental authority.

SUNDAY DESECRATION.

'Thou shalt rest on the Sabbath day' is a command which many people, in our times, ignore or despise. The way in which European Continental people pass their Sundays, being contrary to Anglo-Saxon instincts and habits, is beyond the province of this paper. I am writing for the English-speaking race, and I venture to think that the English-speaking race—more especially in America—in their devotion to what they consider the demands which competition and the requirements of trade make upon them, are gradually drifting into a condition of unceasing toil, highly detrimental, not only to emotional and spiritual life, but to all healthy mental and physical life.

A quiet Sunday, a 'day of rest,' in these days of mental strain and overwork, without touching on its religious aspect, is more a necessity than in any previous period. It was not for nothing that every seventh day was set apart as a 'rest day' and enforced as a religious duty. In the lax ideas of the present day, 'religious duty' is becoming, to many, a term of no obligation, and without meaning. In the philosophic slang of the hour the 'Almighty' is spoken of as a 'Force,' an 'Energy,' if, indeed, He is considered to exist at all. In old times 'the fool said in his heart, There is no God.' In our day, the philosopher, though he says that he knows nothing, yet tells us the same thing as the fool of ancient time.

Those who hold these opinions may disregard a religious duty, may refuse obedience to the Word of the Lord. But, ignore a law of God as they fancy they may, they cannot disregard with impunity the 'natural law' which imposes a regularly recurring 'day of rest' as an absolute requirement for a healthy mental and physical life.

In America, notwithstanding the existence of a vast number of sober-minded, good-living, God-

fearing people, there is manifest to any careful observer a most decided tendency to ignore Sunday as a 'day of rest.' Work, work, work, on week-day and Sunday, is becoming a general habit amongst large numbers of people. In many of the cities, drinking saloons, billiard-rooms, theatres, and many shops or stores of various kinds, are open on Sundays as on week-days. In many districts the mines and reducing mills follow a similar practice. All the railroads, I think, run on all days alike. As an American said to me, 'Why, sir, we cannot afford to waste (?) Sunday ; we *must* work, or "go under."' Another—something of a pagan, I think—drawing out a dollar, and directing attention to the legend 'In God we trust,' said, 'We Americans worship the "almighty dollar," and are of opinion that the word "this" has been omitted in the legend, which ought to read, "In this God we trust?"'

Without accepting such pagan ideas as being very general, it is, I think, evident that the possession of wealth, the pursuit of luxury and pleasure, and the general practice of overwork, are being followed with such a resolute and silent energy,

that a condition of society is in danger of being developed more like the debauched paganism of the Claudian age of Imperial Rome, than what ought to be the outcome of the nineteenth century of the Christian era in Republican America.

In the midst of so much drifting away from laws, both Divine and natural, it was a great satisfaction to me to have the privilege, in every great city I visited, of hearing the Gospel preached to great congregations of earnest and devout men and women, by eminent divines with an earnest love of their work, and eminently qualified to do it.

So long as there are men so full of marked intellectual power, so animated by deep religious fervour, so courageous in their proclamation of man's duty to his fellow and to his God, there is hope for the Nation.

CHAPTER XII.

AMERICAN PROBLEMS.

AMONGST the problems which presented themselves to me for consideration, during my recent visit to the United States, was the marked decadence of the maritime spirit amongst the American people.

DECAY OF THE MARITIME SPIRIT.

The early English settlers on the New England coasts carried with them the old English love of the sea. A variety of conditions kept maritime enterprise active amongst their descendants. The sterility of the soil, which partially dwarfed agriculture, naturally directed enterprise to the 'harvest of the sea,' and the cod and whale fisheries for a long period kept alive the old Viking spirit. The march Westward struck the first great blow at

maritime enterprise. The next adverse influence was the Pennsylvanian oil-wells, which practically destroyed the whaling enterprise, for, though the depredations of the 'Alabama' undoubtedly swept great numbers of American whalers from the ocean, their profitable occupation was coming to an end, by the substitution of petroleum for whale oil. What the 'Alabama' really did was to transfer three millions sterling from English to American pockets, as payment for fleets of whaleships whose profitable employment was coming to an end, if it had not already ceased.

To these causes, and to the decisive change in the direction of national enterprise which the boundless plains of the 'West' accomplished, may be traced the decay of American maritime enterprise.

The immense bodies of German and Irish immigrants who marched into the great plains, singing as they went, 'To the West, to the West,' had no love for the sea. 'A life on the ocean wave' never had any charms for men of Teutonic or Celtic blood. And so it has come about that, notwithstanding the 'Navigation Laws,' not more than

one-seventh of American exports and imports is sea-borne by American ships.

Continental countries, like America and Australia, in the nature of things can never become great maritime nations. Probably the great majority of the 55,000,000 of people in the United States have never seen the sea. A similar condition will exist in Australia, as its interior becomes populated. Notwithstanding the extensive sea-boards of both countries, neither possesses many first-class harbours. Besides Port Jackson and Port Philip, there are no first-class harbours available in Australia, whilst New York and San Francisco are the sole Eastern and Western gateways of the first rank in the United States. A great network of railways, concentrating on these great ports, renders less necessary a larger number of harbours of the first rank, but they also dwarf that maritime instinct which has been the master-key of power in more than one famous nation. That nation whose configuration, position, and nautical spirit make her mistress of the sea, must, in the nature of things, cause her to play a great part in the history of the world.

In the United States the spirit of the old 'Sea Kings' has so far died out that, as I have said, not more than one-seventh of American exports and imports goes to sea in American bottoms.

The genius of the American people, natural to the configuration of America, has covered the North American Continent with a spider's web of iron, upon which 'ships of the land' run in every direction; but on the great ocean highways the 'star-spangled banner' is rarely seen, and with such an occasional exception as Captain Morse, of the steamer 'Alameda'—with whom I had the pleasure to make the return voyage to New Zealand—who was a 'sea king' of the true type, the race appears to be dying out. It cannot well be otherwise. Love for the sea springs naturally in those who live on its shores. Love in this case, as in others, casts out fear.

The storms of ocean, its calms, its everchanging moods, its dangers even, develop a romance and daring, resulting in a love for the sea, which grows into a passion in which fear has little place.

Americans, therefore, may as well accept the change that is coming—if, indeed, it has not al-

ready come—over their destinies, and console themselves with the reflection that if, in the nature of things, they can never become ‘rulers of the sea,’ they can point with just pride to their industrial conquests over the land. But not until, in the near or distant future, they take a commanding position in the coming ‘Confederation of the English-speaking race’ can they claim to wear the proud motto, ‘*Per mare, per terram.*’ Not till then will they hold their proper place ‘by sea and land.’

THE LAXITY OF LAW.

Newspapers and reviews throughout the States are loud in their denunciations of the shameless laxity in the administration of the law, not only in the ‘Territories,’ but in many States and cities. Newspapers constantly report crimes and outrages which, through political or monetary influence, practically go unpunished; or the punishment is frequently so long deferred that, in many cases, when it is finally inflicted, the public has forgotten both the criminal and his crime.

Now, if the law is to be a terror to evil-doers,

the certain and speedy punishment of criminals—whether high or low—is absolutely indispensable. In the United States the laws appear equitable and good ; it is in their lax, feeble, and corrupt administration where the root of the evil must be sought for. It is in the resolute determination of the honest, law-abiding citizens to do their duty in taking their proper part in public affairs where the true corrective lies, instead of—as is now the too common practice—abandoning, not only politics, but the control of the administration of the laws, to the few audacious rogues and plotters whose nefarious action is rendering the ‘laxity of law’ in the United States a byword and reproach.

The following extract from an influential American journal, which has come to hand as this article is going to press, confirms this view :—

‘With a business community, too earnestly engaged in money-making to give serious attention to the details of governmental administration, there is every probability that our present state of affairs will drift on to the condition where reform can only be effected by a contest of force between contending parties That our country is being

dragged into this position is apparent. Riots, strikes, misrule, and defiance of legal authority are occurring all over our land, and especially in all our larger cities. The arm of the law is relaxed everywhere ; authority no longer demands respect, and from every side we see approaching danger, till the most conservative and intelligent are beginning to question whether our form of Republican Government can endure the strain that is certain to be put upon it.'

Under such circumstances it is not surprising that respect for the law, or confidence in its ability to secure justice, safety, and order, are at a low ebb.

One of the results is a frequent resort to 'Lynch law,' not only in the 'Territories' but also in the States. This practice of Lynch law indicates a profound disbelief in the adequacy or certainty of the punishment of crime by the ordinary process of law. It also indicates an acute perception of natural justice, which, in default of the law doing its duty, manifests itself in promptly punishing a great criminal.

Such proceedings may be brutal and dangerous in the highest degree. They may be indications of

a lawless spirit, and be a direct step backwards, towards the red-handed vengeance characteristic of savage communities. It is doubtless a deplorable evidence that some of the developments of civilisation may be but a veneer, which sometimes but thinly overlays the savageism beneath.

For these fierce and lawless outbursts, the indolence and corruption, said by Americans to be so prevalent in the United States, are to a great extent responsible. In addition to these causes, there appears to be in all Democratic communities a singular disinclination to support a prompt, vigorous, and effective administration of the law in the case of outrages and murders.

I deprecate in the strongest manner the practice of Lynch law, but I am not sure that this rude and decisive administration of justice may not be a timely warning, necessary to arouse American society to the existence of a force, which it is neither wise nor safe to provoke too far. In an excellent article entitled, 'Shall our Laws be Enforced?' in the 'Forum,' an able American Review, Chancellor Howard Crosby denounces the 'Laxity of Law,' and indicates several important remedies.

But I venture to think he has failed to point out the ONE evil more potent than any he has so powerfully denounced, namely, 'The election by universal suffrage of the lower magistracy and of the Judges of the Superior Courts.'

THE ELECTION OF MAGISTRATES AND JUDGES.

None of the developments of 'universal suffrage,' as exercised in the United States, have been so inimical to peace, order, and good government as the 'election' of magistrates and judges by universal suffrage. To see, as I have seen, a Superior Court Judge addressing a public meeting, descending from his high post to take part in exciting political contests, resorting to the contemptible arts of flattery and cajolery, which are so prominently and unscrupulously used to secure votes, is a spectacle so degrading, so opposed to the high—nay, sacred—character which ought to surround the 'Bench of Justice' as to cause every well-wisher to Democratic government to desire a radical change in the appointment of American magistrates and judges.

How their appointment ought to be made, it is not easy to say.

I may, perhaps, be permitted to suggest that, if the Senate of each State elected, say, *four* candidates for every *three* Superior Court Judges required, and the House of Representatives elected a similar proportion of Justices of the Peace, the Governor of the State then appointing, from the names submitted to him, the actual number of judges and justices required, I think a much purer administration of law would be secured.

In the meantime, it is right to say that it is only because of the vast body of honest, well-meaning, law-abiding people—which forms so large a proportion of American citizens—that the consequences of the present lax administration of law are not very much more dangerous than they are.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

The United States, like England, has its 'Irish difficulty.' Many American-born citizens manifest a strong dislike to Germans and Irishmen. The new 'American party' declares that the United

States is being largely 'run'—American for 'controlled'—by Germans and Irish. In order to limit their influence, the 'American party' proposes to check immigration and abolish the Naturalisation Laws. It is not my object to trace the results of the adoption of this policy of 'America for the Americans'—because I do not think such a policy will be accepted by American citizens generally—further than to express the opinion that its adoption would effectually check the progress of the nation.

Why there should be any desire to limit German immigration, I am at a loss to discover. Teutonic blood is, and always has been, a good strain. Its introduction has undoubtedly greatly benefited the United States. The patient industry, the steady energy, the love of order, the undoubted courage, the habit of economy, are German characteristics and virtues, and are all qualities of the highest value in building up a nation. Let anyone take up a directory of the great Western cities, and he will find how large a part men of German names play in industrial and commercial operations. One great advantage the

Germans possess is the readiness with which they assimilate with the nation to which they migrate. Generally in one generation, the English language becomes their language, and, in all essential points, Germans become American citizens.

With the Catholic Irish it is somewhat different. For certain reasons, which I shall presently indicate, they do not so readily and intimately assimilate with any nation to which they migrate. In almost every case they form, more or less, an *imperium in imperio*. The French Canadians are more Catholic and more French than Frenchmen living in France, and are possibly more French than Canadian. For a similar reason, Irish Americans are often more Irish than American. Like the Jews who, wherever they go, look with irrepressible affection to the holy city of their nation, so Irishmen, wherever they may dwell, regard with undiminished affection the 'sacred land' from which they came.

But at this point the parallel ends. Though their religion is more exclusive, and far more irreconcilable, than the Catholic faith of Irishmen, the Jews become practically much more really citizens

of any country in which they live than Irishmen do. Though the Jews of our day are the representatives of an ancient and illustrious nation, and though in the Middle Ages they were unjustly treated as 'dogs' and outcasts, happily for them they do not seem to have cherished this shameful treatment as an undying grievance.

The Irish never were a nation in any real or extended sense. Before the English occupation of Ireland, they were never anything more than a discordant collection of independent clans or septs, constantly engaged in bloody intestine conflicts. But for the English occupation, it is not improbable that the hostile clans would have made the Irish fable of 'The Kilkenny cats' something more than a fable. The Irish race, like all of Celtic blood, are endowed with a lively, and, indeed, often a brilliant imagination. In their case, except in the North of Ireland, this brilliant quality has never been toned down or sobered by a mixture of Roman, Gothic, Scandinavian, or Teutonic blood, as were the Gallic and British divisions of the Celtic race.

The absence of this toning down or sobering

element has left the Irish imagination in its native vigour, and, perhaps, more than any other cause, has resulted in Irish Catholics maintaining a greater admiration for the splendid ceremonial of Rome, and a more constant devotion to its authority than any other people, with the exception of the French Canadians.

The Irish character presents the curious anomaly that, though in every country the Irishman is said to be ready to declare himself 'agin the Government,' he yet readily yields unquestioning obedience to his priest and his Church.

What Palestine is to the Jews, Ireland is to Irish Americans, with this important difference, that Irish Americans cherish their 'grievance' whilst the Jews do not.

It is, I venture to think, these two elements—devotion to a grievance and devotion to their Church—which so often makes an Irish American a Catholic and an Irishman first and an American afterwards.

Besides these two elements, Irishmen have other dominant qualities, which intensify the Irish difficulty, namely, absolute obedience to a politi-

cal leader, to an accepted master, and a natural faculty for organisation. It is, I think, these four qualities—love of a grievance, devotion to the priesthood, a habit of obedience to a chosen leader, and a faculty for organisation, with another influence to be presently noted—which have created, and are continuing, the ‘Irish difficulty’ in the United States.

The nature and danger of the Irish difficulty will be seen from the fact, that of the nine million immigrants into the United States, between 1820 and 1879, more than three millions were Irish. A very large proportion of the drinking saloons are ‘run’ by Irishmen ; in many districts, a large proportion of the lower magistracy is Irish ; in many cities, the political ‘bosses’ and the ‘primary’ political organisations are largely Irish ; whilst the police in most of the cities I visited are very largely Irishmen. Regarding the latter, I am pleased to say that, from all I could learn, the Irish policeman in the United States—as indeed everywhere else—with some exceptions, is a faithful public servant, and does his duty with a courtesy, firmness, and devotion which does him honour.

The indisposition to assimilate, in any intimate manner, with the rest of his fellow-citizens will be apparent from the circumstance—slight in itself, but none the less significant—that, though in the United States you never hear of the ‘German American,’ the ‘Irish American’ is constantly spoken of, and is a prominent figure, who must be reckoned with by American politicians.

Irishmen, by their capacity for organisation, by their unswerving obedience to an acknowledged leader, possess great power, whether in the British House of Commons or in the United States. In America, not less than in the United Kingdom, by their ‘block vote’ they frequently hold the balance of power. Both Republican and Democratic parties have been compelled to reckon with the Irish vote in more than one political campaign. Doubtless this too common weakness recently led Senator Ingalls to make a remarkably foolish speech in Congress on the Canadian fisheries’ dispute. This circumstance has compelled the United States to wink at the atrocious conspiracies of Irishmen, conducted by wretches like O’Donovan Rossa, and to allow the dynamite clubs to hatch nefarious

plots against a friendly Power, and to use the United States as a base of operations, to carry into force wicked schemes, which could only end in the destruction of numbers of innocent men, women, and children. These dynamite operations at length 'like chickens, came home to roost,' with the result of recently killing a number of policemen and wounding many more in the streets of Chicago. This result, and a return to a sense of the duty the United States citizens owe to themselves and to the inhabitants of other countries, will probably put an end to practices which have aroused the strongest indignation of every right-thinking man in all countries.

America, as well as England, as already observed, has its Irish difficulty. It owes it chiefly, I think, to the *absence of good-will towards England*, which, for various reasons, and for a long period, has been but too plainly marked in the United States to be denied. For this unhappy feeling Englishmen are, as I have already stated, largely responsible.

In this condition of things, Irishmen have not failed to cherish and cultivate their 'grievance'

against England. For, though it may be said that America has given no overt support to them, the position has been very much like that of the man in Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' whose efforts to put out the fire by pouring on water in front of the wall entirely failed, because another man was pouring on oil at the back of the wall. Let the growing good feeling between America and England continue, and the Irish plotters will find the atmosphere of free and generous America unsuitable for the development of their nefarious schemes, and, ere long, will find their occupation gone. Then the Irish grievance in America and the American-Irish difficulty will disappear altogether.

Having thus noticed the American-Irish difficulty and attempted to indicate its apparent causes and its possible remedy, it is right to say that I am not ignorant of the many splendid—and indeed noble—qualities of the Irish race, and I do not at all agree with the policy of the 'American party,' to stop Irish immigration and to abolish the Naturalisation Laws. One has but to look at the record of England's great career during the last century, to recognise the distinguished part

played by soldiers and administrators of Irish blood. Neither the British Empire nor the United States can afford to dispense with men so distinguished by the brilliant imagination, the impulsive energy, the natural politeness and the undaunted courage with which the Irish people are so abundantly endowed.

NEWSPAPER DESPOTISM.

The United States is a Republic and professes a horror of despotism. It sneers at monarchy and aristocracy of every kind. It claims to be the home and temple of freedom. It proclaims in its great National Charter :

‘ That all men are created equal ; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights ; that amongst these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.’

These are noble sentiments, and worthy of the foremost place in the great charter of a great nation. Little more than a century has passed since they were boldly spoken, by men who had cast away the scabbards and drawn their swords for freedom ; and yet in this one century, the

successors of these grand free men, have permitted the creation and existence of subtle despotisms in their midst, which no European tyrant with a million armed men at his back would care to father. The iron despotism of railroad and other monopolies, whose name is legion, by their unscrupulous tactics and their alleged lavish use of money amongst newspaper men, political bosses, and legislators, have reduced political profligacy to a bastard science, and rendered good, honest government—when their own interests are concerned—well nigh impossible.

Another and even more dangerous despotism is that of the 'Newspaper Press.' The daily newspaper, not merely in the United States—though possibly more so there than elsewhere—has usurped the position of 'general thinking machine.' Let it but boldly and authoritatively assert its opinions in double-leaded 'leader' type, then, listen all of you, for when 'we' speak, let no dog bark; for when, like the Delphic priestess on her tripod, the oracle has spoken, what more can possibly be said?

In most English and Colonial newspapers the 'Open or Correspondence Column' is a prominent

feature, and affords an opportunity for people to discuss their grievances, to direct attention to abuses ; nay, even to question the oracular and autocratic dictation, occasionally appearing in the 'leading columns.' In the United States, I noticed a too general absence of this relic and weapon of freedom, the 'Correspondence Column.' By this omission, American journalism deprives itself of a most valuable corrective supplied by independent thought. It misses one of the most useful mirrors of public opinion. The general adoption of the 'Correspondence Column' by the great majority of English and Colonial newspapers is, I think, one reason why English and Colonial newspapers are superior in tone to so many American journals.

There are many noble examples in the American newspaper press of true patriotism ; of earnest truth-speaking ; of valiant battle done for the right ; and of many tender appeals for the feeble and the poor. Unquestionably America owes much of its marvellous progress to the energy and ability with which many of its newspapers are conducted. Yet it cannot be denied that, in too many instances, newspapers in America and elsewhere are too



frequently mercenary advertising machines, and, in the United States, too often, traducing engines, party catapults discharging grains of truth amidst bushels of lies.

Under the excitement of a great crime, what stupendous efforts are made by too many newspapers in England, America, and the Colonies to be 'the first' to record an outrage or to describe a murder; the more horrible, the blacker the type, the more ravenous the public appetite—growing by what it feeds on—the more persistently is every hideous detail thrashed out with nauseous repetition; the murderer's portrait often given, and his saying and doings noted with sickening effusiveness till the drops falls! Such a newspaper, returning day by day, 'like a dog, to its vomit,' becomes a school of vice, a chamber of horrors, with every dark spectre drawn in deeper and darker lines, until too many a daily journal would appear to be playing the *rôle* of a mocking devil, grinning behind a mask at outraged humanity, *because it pays*.

Is there a 'divorce case' in the courts; every dirty, immoral, and disgusting incident is given and gloated over, as if to pollute innocent young

lives were one of the chief objects of these scandalous and pestiferous newspapers.

DIVORCE LAWS.

Whilst noticing 'divorce cases' I venture to think that the American divorce laws greatly aid in affixing a shameful blot upon the fair escutcheon of American home life. And though Englishmen, equally with Americans, resent as a vile indignity to the race from which both nations spring the recent scandalous aristocratic divorce cases in England, yet it is not in England, but in America, that we can see half-a-dozen women divorced from one man, and perhaps several of these divorced women living in the same city with their former husband and his latest mate.

I do not wish it to be understood that America stands alone in the circulation of low-class newspapers, for both in England and the Colonies there are unhappily too many newspapers which familiarise their readers with crime, and whose direct tendency is to foster a morbid sympathy for criminals.

The large circulation of the low newspapers

which first foster, and then pander to, a vicious taste, unfortunately is not without influence on many high-class journals, who have often to consider whether they will lessen their circulation or lose their honour.

And yet, in this hurry-scurry age, when so many men have hardly time to eat or sleep, much less to read or think, the newspaper is 'the Thinking Machine,' the 'Book of the Age,' and almost the only literature of the general mass of readers. If these winged messengers, these 'Public Educators,' these 'Lights of the Age' diffuse much of this kind of education and illumination, how deep and gloomy must the coming darkness be?

In times of political excitement, the slightest mistake or false step in the past life of an opposing candidate is exhibited to the public gaze. Not even the reputation of father, mother, wife or daughter is always safe from the cowardly attacks of a sordid and vicious Press; every forgotten scandal is dragged, like a skeleton, from the closet, until, stung by calumny and maddened by a rage not always unjust, the hunted victim enters the Editor's den and shoots him on the spot.

Happily there are many shining examples of a loftier perception of right, of a nobler sense of duty, in the bright array of distinguished men who conduct American journals, and who are the glory of a profession as powerful as it is noble. Nevertheless, there are too many instances of a corrupt and unscrupulous Press, which howls down independent thought and honest action ; which terrorises the good and fawns upon the bad ; which exalts what it terms its Party, attacks with venomous scandals the reputation of its opponents ; but drags the honour of its Country in the dust.

Such is the despotism of an unworthy Press.

How long will the 'silent majority' in the United States—the honest, well-meaning, good-living multitude, which happily forms so large a portion of every branch of the English-speaking race—continue silent? How much longer will that great phalanx of good, but over-patient and over-silent, American citizens stand by, and, by supporting low newspapers, permit a corrupt despotism to degrade their nation and destroy their liberties.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LABOUR TROUBLES.

AMERICA is a new country. It has no past ; no time-worn temple, no ancient fortress, no ruined monastery to tell the story of departed grandeur, despotic power, or priestly domination. A hundred years ago the people of the United States began their national life untrammelled by the ancient abuses, the class rights or wrongs, or the noxious developments often incidental to older nations. It, therefore, presents to the attentive observer the growth of a great nation under new conditions.

During my visit to the States few questions attracted my attention more than the relations between 'Labour and Capital'—the 'Labour troubles,' as Americans term them. Almost everywhere I noticed the wide prevalence of discontent

amongst the labouring classes. Large numbers of workmen in various trades were 'on strike,' sometimes to resist a reduction of wages, sometimes to secure an advance, but more generally to obtain a reduction in the hours of daily toil from ten hours to eight. Great labour organisations were general, the chief of which was one calling itself the 'Knights of Labour.' Wages in the States were as high as in the Australasian Colonies, and very much higher than in England, the cost of living in the States being very much higher than in England or the Colonies.

The chief element of discontent, however, was not wages, but the long hours of daily toil, usually from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M. In any climate such long hours are unreasonable, but in such a climate as that of the United States they are wearing out the vital energy of workmen at an alarming rate, and are simply unbearable. The workman, with such hours, can have little sunshine in his life, little respect, in many cases, for his employer.

It is a poor comment on the achievements of the nineteenth century, that the vast increase of machinery has not only not lessened the toil

of workmen, but has increased it. Heavy manual muscular toil has in many instances been diminished, it is true, but brain work,—the strain on nervous energy—has largely and fatally increased. Many workmen informed me that in this so-called free country they were simply white slaves. It seems strange, in a country where universal suffrage is apparently supreme, that workmen have not yet secured shorter hours of labour.

During my visit, determined efforts were being made to secure eight hours as the term for the working day. Unfortunately a simultaneous demand was made for a continuance of ten hours' pay. I warned the workmen with whom I came in contact, that this latter demand was impolitic. I advised them to accept eight hours' pay for eight hours' work, and that the short term once firmly established, an advance in wages was simply a question which the next 'boom' (or period of good trade) would settle in their favour.

The workmen were beaten in the struggle and ten hours' labour is still the general rule.

I venture to think that it is these hard, long hours of toil which, more than any other circum-

stance, afford a ready soil for the seeds of anarchy to be sown broadcast even in Democratic America. I found too little sympathy between masters and workmen. The great principle of *a community of interest* did not appear to be much recognised.

I have for many years been an employer of labour on the ten hours system, but of late years I have been coming round to the opinion that ten hours a day is too long a period for men to work in manufactories. My recent visit to the States has compelled me to firmly support the eight hours system. Amongst the many evils of the ten hours system which have come under my notice, I may mention one. A workman residing two miles from the factory where he was employed, had necessarily to leave his home shortly after five o'clock each morning, to which he did not return till nearly seven in the evening. How little time he had to devote to the other duties he owed his children, beyond providing their clothing and their daily bread, how little opportunity they had even to know him, will be apparent from the following incident. One day—a holiday—his little son Jack ran into the cottage, calling loudly,

‘Mother, mother, there’s a man here slapping our little Tommy.’

‘Who is it, my son?’ asked the mother.

‘Why, it’s the man as stops here on Sundays,’ replied Jack.

The mother left her household duties to see what was the matter, only to find that the ‘man’ was her husband, her children’s father, of whom they knew so little.

Is it surprising that workmen are unable to fulfil their duties to their children under such conditions?

Is it surprising that parental callousness is so largely taking the place which ought to be filled by anxious paternal love? Is it strange that filial duty and loving reverence are fading away and becoming lost virtues? When the home life is like this, can we wonder, when the social fabric rests on such flimsy foundations, that discontent and anarchy are threatening society everywhere? What can we expect other than a fate like that of the house in the parable, which was built on the sand, and when the floods came was swept away,

and great was the fall of it, because it was built upon the sand?

Let us resolutely set about establishing a community of interest between all classes, and before long we can laugh at dynamitards and anarchists.

It is not that the Labour problem, or any other problems which present themselves for solution, are peculiar to America, for, with the exception of the 'Negro question,' the people of the United States are but telling the old, old story of Humanity. The conditions are different—that is all. The deep, strong undercurrent of human nature flows there, as it has flowed in every country and in every age.

Flowers bloom and wither, forests grow and decay, granite mountains slowly disintegrate and drift into the valleys, the oceans of to-day surge over the continents of the past, whilst in the silent depths of many an ocean are forming the continents of a far-off to-morrow.

CHANGE is the law of the universe—a natural development of matter. HUMANITY—an emanation from DIVINITY—retains its original germ, its primal principle of life, enfeebled, degraded, it

may be, but not destroyed. It begins, continues, and remains amid all the myriad changes of matter, a living, human soul, and passing through the fiery trials and purifying ordeals of evolution, will slowly—but more or less completely—shuffle off the mortal coils of ignorance, selfishness, sin and sorrow ; and ever moving onwards and upwards, as step by step it slowly approaches perfection, until, finally, Humanity becomes ONE with the Divinity from which it sprung.

I do not, therefore, regard with fear the unsettling of old forms of truth, for truth is older and more enduring than its garments. To my mind, the agnosticism, the discontent, the labour troubles, the socialism—in a word, the elements of the coming struggle—may be but the indications of an approaching storm ; indeed, which may and will bring disaster, like many another storm, but, like them, will leave the atmosphere more clear, more bracing, and more favourable for the evolution of a purer, nobler, and happier atmosphere of life than that in which we now gasp, and struggle, and suffer, and faint, rather than *live*.

It ought not, therefore, to create any grave

disappointment that the American nation, which began its life like the youthful heir to an unencumbered estate, should have been confronted in its free, strong youth with the 'problems' which it has fallen to my lot to discuss. They have naturally come to the front at an earlier period in the life of the Great Republic than in older, feebler, and more effete nations. But they are presenting themselves for solution there, under conditions less difficult than those existing in any other nation.

Lord Tennyson, I think it is, who says that English progress is characterised 'by a broadening down from precedent to precedent.' Had he said 'by a narrowing up from precedent to precedent,' the definition, by even so great a master of language, I venture to think, would have been more exact. Englishmen have accomplished so much, have ruled so long, that even the Liberal Party has not escaped the 'slough of conceit' into which, when a man or a nation falls, they are both in danger of thinking their mode of action, to use an Americanism, 'beats creation.' Nor are Americans altogether free from a similar conceit.

Middle-class Englishmen too often act as if

they were 'too wise to be taught, too good to be mended.' In that obstinate conservatism which belongs to Englishmen, they reject a thing or an idea because it is 'new,' will hardly, indeed, condescend to examine it. Americans, on the contrary—though sadly deficient in veneration for anything 'old'—have no contempt for a thing simply because it is 'new,' and, if good for anything, readily adopt it. In doing so they may often tumble over head and ears into the 'slough of conceit;' though, unlike Englishmen, they don't remain there, but, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, generally come out 'on the other side,' and progress accordingly.

This faculty of not avoiding a thing because it is new, together with a general ownership of the soil of the country they live in—there being, I think, more than 4,000,000 freeholders in the United States—and the possession of 'universal suffrage,' give them very great advantages in the solution of problems—however difficult—over all other nations not so circumstanced.

For these reasons the impending struggle between capital and labour in America and in every civilised nation, will be fought out, I think, more

intelligently, and be adjusted more satisfactorily and more speedily, in the United States than in England or on the Continent of Europe.

In America, every man has the right of 'free speech,' and has 'a vote' on every question. And though too many Americans indolently allow this two-edged weapon to rust like a sword in its scabbard for want of use, it only needs a strong public danger to arise, for the rusty yet trusty weapon to be applied to the grindstone of necessity, to enable it to cut through any Gordian knot, more readily and more safely than a nation which does not possess the two-edged sword of free speech and a free vote.

The condition of Europe to-day is full of menace. Below dynastic ambition and racial yearnings, there lies a stronger and a fiercer force, a *social discontent* which at intervals flashes a lurid gleam across the darkening clouds, and may have results that iron chancellors and crowned despots may have to reckon with before the coming storm has exhausted its destructive energy. The community of interest between the classes which make a nation really strong does not exist in a

form, and to an extent, which in our more enlightened times must of necessity be a more potent element in a strong and united nation than ever before.

The nineteenth century, more than any similar period in historic times, has educated the masses in a knowledge of the disparity of the conditions of modern life, and in a knowledge of their power to remedy the evils of which they complain. The old axiom, that 'Knowledge is Power,' is to-day supplemented by the newer and more potent axiom, that 'Votes are Power.'

Whether the present hollow peace will be preserved, or whether a terrible war may ere long be fought out on the old battle-grounds of Europe, is a matter of opinion.

In any case, the *social question* will remain for settlement. This question lies deeper and rises higher than all racial or dynastic problems which await solution.

It admits, I venture to think, but of one solution, with any force or permanency, viz., the establishment of 'community of interest' between all classes.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

The founders of the American Constitution were not altogether agreed upon the adoption of 'universal suffrage.' Some of them desired that a man should have a vote *because* he was a man ; others wished that property should form a part of the qualification. Whilst the question was under discussion, it is said that Franklin, by way of assisting in the settlement of the question, having purchased a donkey for a few dollars, took the animal with him to the Registration Office, claiming to be registered 'because he was a man.' The officials inquired whether he had any property. 'Yes,' he replied, pointing to the donkey, 'there is my property.' On being duly registered as a voter, Franklin said, 'Now, gentlemen, you declined to register me as a voter unless I proved I possessed some property. On producing my donkey, you at once registered me as a voter. Now, it appears to me that the donkey is the voter, and not Benjamin Franklin.' It is said, I know not with what truth, that this little incident materially assisted in the

decision to give a vote to a man 'because he was a man,' and not because he possessed a donkey or any other property.

That 'universal suffrage' is a great safeguard to liberty cannot be denied. But to be really so, it must be honestly and generally used.

It is, however, clear enough that it is not so used, either in America or in the Australasian Colonies. Whether it be that it is the consciousness of possessing a power able to remedy any abuse, if seriously applied ; or whether it be that responsibility is so divided as to be, under ordinary circumstances, practically inoperative, I do not know. From whatever cause, it is quite evident that there are two classes in the United States who do not do their duty to the free and noble institutions of the great country in which they live, namely :

1. Those who won't vote ;
2. Those who don't vote.

Americans are a very patient people. For so acute, enterprising, and energetic a race, the patient way in which they submit to an inconvenience or an injustice, is at least remarkable. They claim

to be a free people, and to a great extent they are free. That they are not more entirely free is their own fault. They have good laws, which are too often badly administered, because the administrators are elected, or are not looked after. Having secured the freest institutions, it would seem as though they had forgotten the imperative necessity of keeping their political weapons bright by constant use.

The human body cannot long be kept healthy, and able to perform its vital functions, unless its various powers be regularly and properly exercised. If, instead of riding a good horse, a man mounts a kicking jade, or if, when he takes walking exercise, he allows himself to be led by the nose, or to be ridden by some cunning knave, he comes to grief.

So a nation, however great, however free its institutions, if, through indolence or any other reason, it neglects its manifest duty, it perils the continuance of its own freedom, and bars the progress of free institutions throughout the world.

Looking at the deeds done under cover of

‘universal suffrage,’ its advocates, both in the United States and in the Australasian Colonies, have good reason to be ashamed of their indolence, or to doubt whether ‘universal suffrage’ is so universal a panacea as many suppose.

Under its authority, New Zealand has incurred a debt far too heavy for its present population ; whilst the Corporation of the city of Auckland, though possessed of an estate with an abundant supply of perhaps the purest water in the world, proceeded to erect abattoirs within a stone’s throw of the springs, and permit the deposit of night-soil and other abominations adjacent to the springs which supply the city with water. Had the Governor of a Crown colony done such deeds, what a tempest would have been raised ? Had any autocratic ruler permitted such infringements of public rights, how vigorous would have been the protests, even though made between the teeth. And yet a colony or city, governed by universal suffrage, does such things with scarcely a murmur being heard, or a protest made against them, until the mischief is done.

In view of the growing demands constantly

being made by a section of the working classes in all the Australasian colonies upon the various Governments—that work at high wages must be provided for them—it is clear that we are drifting into the Communist principles advocated by MM. Proudhon and Louis Blanc in the French Revolution of 1848. Such demands, it is needless to say, strike at the root of honest and careful industry, and destroy all true and manly independence. In relation to such a condition of things, it may well be asked if universal suffrage is quite the unmixed good we have supposed it to be. Nor is it so in the Australasian Colonies, or anywhere else, if the well-meaning, but silent and indolent, majority neglects to do its duty.

The abuses and monopolies which have already taken root in the United States, owing to the culpable indolence and apathy of large sections of its citizens, justify a similar inquiry. Indeed, intelligent Americans, who have the true welfare of their country at heart, are well nigh unanimous in declaring their belief that, could the Founders of the American Constitution have foreseen the disastrous effects arising from the culpable indif-

ference of so many of the possessors of the franchise, and from conferring the suffrage upon the hordes of foreigners flocking to their shores, whose previous training renders them incapable of rightly using the privileges of freemen, they would have greatly limited the suffrage and rendered naturalisation much more difficult. The growing disbelief in the efficacy of universal suffrage in the United States is apparent, from the following extract from a recent number of an influential American newspaper :

‘The American statesman who will gain the highest niche in this republican temple of ours, and who will best deserve it, will be the one who shall devise a scheme for the peaceful disfranchisement of three millions of our present voting population. Whether this can be done, and the time ever come when the legislation of this republic can be confined to the intelligent and moral classes, is more than doubtful. That, until that time comes, discord and violence will continue to prevail, no intelligent mind can doubt.’

That ‘three millions of voters will ever be disfranchised in the United States’ is an event not

likely to happen ; that, therefore, 'discord and violence will continue to prevail' is probably true, *unless* the 'silent and inactive majority' awake from their culpable lethargy and indolence, *and do their duty*. They owe this duty to themselves, to the free institutions under which they live, and to the progress of free institutions throughout the world.

MONEY, WEIGHTS, AND MEASURES.

The obstinate adherence of Englishmen to a system, 'because it is old,' is in nothing more apparent than in the English system of money, weights and measures.

In England we have a sovereign, half-sovereign, crown, half-crown, florin, shilling, sixpence, three-pence, penny, and half-penny. A bushel of wheat, barley, oats, grass seed, is 60lbs., 50lbs., 40lbs., 20lbs., respectively, a ton is 2,240lbs., a hundred-weight 112lbs., a stone 16lbs., 14lbs., or 8lbs.

The waste of time in schools, shops, offices and banks, involved in the continued use of this inconvenient system is incredible. In the Middle Ages it did not matter. But in these times of railways

and telegraphs it can only serve to direct attention to the unprogressive character of Englishmen in this direction.

Contrast all this waste of brain, time, and toil, with the direct and simple system in use in the United States, of dollars and cents in money ; of centals and pounds in weights and measures.

Could anything be adopted more necessary, useful and economical, to signalise Her Majesty Queen Victoria's Jubilee, than the decimal system of money and weights on some such basis as that in use in the United States? We are not ashamed to import American wheat, butter, and meat ; why not weigh, and pay for them also, on the easy system adopted by our American kinsfolk.

If the decimal system be adopted by England now, it will be a lasting memorial of Her Majesty's Jubilee, when probably every one of the ten thousand and two things now being proposed are forgotten.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCEIT.

CONCEIT is a word with two meanings—or perhaps it would be better defined by saying there are two kinds of conceit.

One, when a man is proud of fanciful nothings, of things which he owes to fortune or favour, or of qualities which are not a part of himself ; like the ass in the fable, who put on a lion's skin, and therefore was conceited enough to fancy he was a lion, but when he essayed to roar everyone recognised that he was only an ass. The other kind of conceit is a consciousness of the possession of skill or power ; a knowledge of having surmounted difficulties, of having a reserve of force equal to overcome obstacles, or to face dangers without quailing. This latter variety of conceit is, in reality, a just self-confidence, which, without any forced

effort, shines forth in the bearing of a strong, able, valiant man. With this great quality a man or nation will do much. Without it—nothing. For a man who dares nothing, does nothing.

We Englishmen have much of it. We are justly proud of the victories it has helped us to win. Our danger lies in its causing us to overestimate ourselves and undervalue everybody else.

Americans have abundance of this kind of conceit—self-confidence. It has undoubtedly played a great part in their wonderful progress and achievements. But, like Englishmen, I fancy their self-confidence may be in danger of running to seed. Americans are in general a sensible and practical race, though occasionally they do boast a little. One of them, speaking to me of their superiority to all other nations, wound up by saying :

‘ Why, sir, do you not know that Franklin tamed the lightning, and Morse taught it the English language ? ’

‘ How very remarkable ; did they really do it ? ’
I inquired.

‘ Why, *certainly*, ’ was the confident reply.

Americans are patient, courteous, intelligent, energetic, and full of resource; but, like other people, some of them are not always wise—though they will generally submit to criticism of their achievements and of the institutions of their country, with an admirable courtesy and grace, so long as the criticism, though sometimes unfavourable, is animated by an evident goodwill, and does not degenerate into a vulgar sneer. There are, however, numbers of Americans whose ‘conceit’ is not altogether of this true ‘temper.’ So long as you say ‘America is a great country, its people a great people, its lands unrivalled for extent and fertility, its inventions unsurpassed, its achievements in the arts wonderful;’ when you add that ‘its great cities, its enormous products, its great wealth, its vast railway system are, one and all, a grand testimony to American skill, enterprise and genius;’ so long as you say this—every word of which is true—you are declared to be the most appreciative of men and altogether an Englishman of great common sense.

But should you, as the result of much patient investigation,

Whilst to their virtues very kind,
Be to their faults not quite blind,

mildly express your opinion that Americans drink too much iced water ; that their politicians are not quite so pure as they might be ; that their railway system is a huge monopoly, under whose iron rule the people are helpless ; that the hoop-iron table knives they use, though well adapted for cutting butter, are not exactly suitable for cutting beef ; that their laws are not always well administered ; that they often neglect their political duties, and abandon the field to charlatans and rogues ; that Americans work too hard, disregard the laws of health and the requirements of a healthy life—the pleased expression leaves the face of your friend, and you are immediately told that you have not devoted sufficient time to make the necessary inquiries on these points, and it may even be hinted that you are not nearly so sensible as you were considered to be half an hour before.

In all this, Americans only show how extremely English they are.

I will, however, say this for our American kinsfolk : that though I questioned them, criticised

them, laughed at them and chaffed some of them, sometimes perhaps a little unmercifully, yet, as I never failed, when I found anything to admire—and I found much, both in their country, their institutions, their achievements, and in themselves, to admire and commend—I never failed to say so, honestly and heartily : that they submitted to criticism under these conditions with a courtesy and good humour as graceful as they were genial.

FRIENDLINESS.

For Englishmen to ignore Americans is nonsense ; to sneer at them is a vulgarity ; to envy or dislike them is a crime.

I well remember, long ago, my father saying to me : ‘ My boy, if you wish for friends, show yourself friendly.’ That maxim is one which, I am ashamed to say, I have not always sufficiently regarded. Not to regard it is an English fault, and a very stupid one. Like many other Englishmen, I formerly under-estimated our American kinsfolk, but a fuller acquaintance with Americans, American literature, American achievements, American

manners, and American institutions, during late years, materially modified my opinions ; whilst my recent visit to the States has given me a much truer knowledge of them. I learnt then how much of prejudice I had to abandon, and if I saw something to regret, I learnt how much there was about them to esteem, respect, and admire—that, in short, if there were old enmities to forget, there was much to learn that was noble and honourable and common to both nations.

Though I found an element of bitterness amongst Americans, not very unnatural, I noticed a strong, and, I may say, a general feeling of latent goodwill towards England. The noble sacrifice made by England in the Alabama difficulty, and the strong feeling of sympathy which flashed through the English world at the tragic death of President Garfield, were deeply felt by almost every American I met. I am satisfied, if we Englishmen will abandon our foolish assumption of superiority, will appreciate our American kinsfolk as their merits demand—will, in fact, show ourselves friendly—there will be no real difficulty in making them our steadfast friends.

MANIFEST DESTINY.

The destiny of the English-speaking race is not merely to colonise two or three continents, but to control the world.

In this aspect the story of the United States can never be a matter of indifference to any community by whom the English language is spoken.

The reasons for this opinion are obvious.

The United States presents the greatest instance of successful colonisation to be found in the history of the world, whether we regard the extent of its cultivated lands, its wealth, its triumphs of mechanical and engineering skill, and, above all—perhaps the chief cause of all—its religious liberty and its free institutions. Strange, that the attempts to destroy civil and religious liberty in England should have resulted in such a glorious triumph of both in the New World, and, by reacting on the Old World, have done so much to secure both these priceless blessings there.

The fullest establishment of civil and religious

liberty in America is therefore of the deepest interest to the civilised world.

In various ways America is influencing the public mind of Europe. The Great Republic not only does this, by attracting numbers of the inhabitants of every European country to its shores, but by stimulating the colonising spirit in other directions. What British colony does not largely owe its existence even, its free institutions, its prosperity, to the impulse given to the colonising spirit by the United States? Apart from their own splendid success, Americans may well be justly proud of the influence they have exerted, are exerting, and must continue to exert on the colonising spirit, that is causing that great migration of mankind, which is not the least amongst the many forward movements for which the nineteenth century is remarkable.

The eldest brother in the great family of English Colonies, it is not surprising that the influence of the United States is felt directly and indirectly in every one of them.

When we reflect that one hundred years ago the population of the United States was but 3,000,000

and that to-day it numbers over 55,000,000, we are amazed at such a ratio of increase.

The English-speaking people all over the world in 1801 were 21,000,000 ; in 1880, 92,000,000. It is not that this increase is entirely of English descent ; a more significant feature is, that the English-speaking race possesses the potential faculty of assimilating and absorbing the emigrants from almost every civilised nation.

When we consider that the colonising movement may be said to be only yet in its infancy ; that Europe, oppressed by poverty and by military exactions, must have outlets for its teeming population ; that all the best fields available for colonisation are in the hands of English-speaking people, that the facilities for moving large masses of emigrants are far greater, and the cost of moving them far less, than ever before : with all these potent factors, who can predict the future of the English-speaking race ?

The history of mankind presents few subjects of deeper interest than the Migrations of Men, which at various periods, influenced by warlike instincts, necessity, or by subtle and deep-seated

impulses, have moved from one country to another.

As the 'confusion of tongues' led to the first dispersion of mankind, so will the bond of a 'common language' bind men together by the strongest of all ties.

The United States of America and the Colonies of the British Empire have been, are now, and will be, havens of refuge, safe asylums, Canaans full of hope and blessing, for the oppressed people of Europe. The children of these fugitives say to the mother that has given them shelter, peace, freedom and prosperity—like the fugitive damsel of old—'Thy country shall be my country, thy people my people, thy language my language, thy God my God.'

Therefore America is rapidly becoming a homogeneous nation, speaking the English language, the heir to English traditions, English literature, English laws, and English freedom. Even at this early period of its history, there are more Irish in America than in Ireland, more people who speak English than in England and the English world.

If in its lusty youthhood it is so great, so rich, so free, what must its riper manhood be? Will it not, at no very distant day, stand at the head of all the nations of the earth in population, power, and freedom? The English language is the rich treasure-house of great thoughts, great traditions, and great deeds. It has been, I venture to think, a most potent cause in building up and binding together this great English-speaking Nation, whose progress has astonished the world.

Had the Romans possessed the rapid means of transmitting intelligence, and the easy modes of locomotion we moderns have, who will say that the Latin language would not have been the language of Europe to-day, and the destinies of the Old World changed? When a controlling language becomes the 'common' language, it is far more powerful than 'racial instinct,' and, more than any other force, will bind into one strong nation the various races which at first may have merely dwelt together.

When it is considered that the men who to-day speak the English tongue, hold in South Africa a quarter of a million square miles; in

Australasia three million square miles ; and on the North American Continent seven million square miles—I say nothing of India, because I am speaking only of areas available for colonisation by men of English blood, or by men of other nations, who may elect to cast in their lot with them—when it is remembered that the English race possesses the majority of the chief strategic positions on almost every continent and on every sea ; that their navies for commerce and defence outnumber all other fleets combined ; that their trade and commerce exceed that of all other nations ; that their wide dominions have the capability of producing every variety of food, clothing, convenience, or luxury their inhabitants may require, who is bold enough to limit or describe the great future which lies before them ?

In our day, each great division of the English-speaking race has its special problems to solve, its special difficulties to conquer. Many small jealousies exist, many narrow interests prevail. For instance, Protection in America has undoubtedly stimulated manufactures there ; but, owing to the increased cost of production it creates, it builds up

an effectual barrier to American foreign trade. Indications are not wanting that the United States is preparing to abandon its policy of Protection. Should that be so, a step will have been gained in the adoption of a real Free Trade between the various branches of the English-speaking people, and the imposition by England of countervailing duties on American products will have been averted.

But what are all these difficulties when they are confronted by the mighty force existing in common laws, in a common literature, in a common religion, in a common love of freedom, in a common home life, and, greatest of all, in a common language? It needs but the conviction and establishment of *a community of interest* to enable the mighty forces I have described to work out, in some coming time, the *Confederation of the English-speaking race all over the world*.

That, I venture to think, is the Manifest Destiny of the people who speak the English tongue.

In a word, the master-key to unlock the difficulties which surround such questions as Socialism, the struggle between Capital and Labour, the possi-

ble, if not incipient, coolness between the Colonies and England, the passive hostility between England and America, is to establish 'A COMMUNITY OF INTEREST' between them all.

The happiness of the people and the commonweal of the Race will then be secured, but not till then.

Should such a Confederation ever be established—and I venture to think the possession of a 'common language' will ultimately secure it—one of the greatest safeguards for the peace of the world, for the welfare of our common humanity, will have been obtained.

The EARL OF ABERDEEN *writes :*

‘DEAR MR. FIRTH,—I am vexed at the delay on my part in returning the series of your most interesting and instructive articles on “Our Kin Across the Sea.”

‘I am very glad to hear that these papers are to be republished in book form. I shall take care to secure an early copy.

‘With kind regards, I remain,

‘Yours very faithfully,

‘ABERDEEN.’

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Sydney DAILY TELEGRAPH *says :*

‘Naturally enough, Mr. Firth was profoundly impressed with the tremendous magnitude and enormous development of this most wonderful of modern means of communication presented to the mind of the observant critic in that progressive country. . . . To Mr. Firth the question of American railroads is not unintelligibly connected with the question of Australasian indebtedness. . . . So far, then, there is no important difference in the liabilities of the two countries. As to the security which they have to offer for their railway debts, it is pointed out in Mr. Firth’s paper that the companies in the United States have only their railroads and the lands

granted to them in consideration of building the railroads, while in Australasia, in addition to the railroads, there are the Customs revenues, and every acre of the public land in colonies which are nearly as large as the United States, upon all which broad security the money has been borrowed. Besides this, there is the advantage that all profit, after paying interest on capital, is available for a reduction of transit rates, or of general taxation. Altogether, the New Zealand traveller was able to make out a capital case.'

The NORTH WESTERN MILLER, of Minneapolis, U.S.A., says :

'Mr. J. C. Firth, of Auckland, New Zealand, who recently made an extended visit to this country, has since his return contributed a series of very interesting papers to the "New Zealand Herald," covering the results of his observations. A ready and pleasing writer, these papers show Mr. Firth to possess a large and liberal mind, and a comprehensive grasp of ideas, so that his articles have the unusual merit of being quite as interesting to our people as to the people for whose perusal they were written. The gentleman saw more in less time, and tells more truth about us, than any foreigner who ever visited this country.'

The NEW ZEALAND HERALD says :

'In to-day's issue will be found the thirteenth contribution from the felicitous pen of our esteemed citizen, Mr. J. C. Firth, on "Our Kin Across the Sea." And with ourselves our readers will, we feel assured, regret to learn that it is the last. That series of interesting criticisms to which they have for some time past been treated, has so engaged the attention of all who wished to learn something about their American cousins that they had begun to reckon on their appearing in permanency. But everything has an end, and so the end of these fascinating disquisitions has come, not, however, because those treasures which the author's power of observation had placed at his command had become exhausted, but simply because he himself has said, "that is enough." Grateful, therefore, for what

they have received, our readers may desire to take stock of the addition to their knowledge of the great Republic which these sketches from life may have supplied to them. The perusal of these will, we doubt not, have in some measure produced results similar to those experienced by Mr. Firth himself, when, during a visit to their country, he mixed daily with Americans of all grades, and studied at first-hand their manner, their spirit, and their distinctive national features. He freely confesses that, like many Englishmen, he had long under-estimated our American kinsfolk, but that a fuller acquaintance with Americans, and with American literature, achievements, manners, and institutions during late years had materially modified his opinions, whilst his recent visit to the States had given him a much truer knowledge of them. What he saw and heard as he went in and out among them Mr. Firth has reproduced as nearly as possible as it was presented to him—which, without meaning to flatter, we may say is the highest excellency of narrative—and it may, therefore, be inferred that his appreciative readers have experienced a like mental transformation. With him they have been led to correct some preconceived notions, or, as he expresses it, to abandon their prejudices; and, while noting some undesirable excrescences on their national life, had learned how much there is about Americans to esteem and admire, and that all the highest qualities of manhood were possessed in common by the cousins on both sides of the ocean. Having made and acknowledged this discovery, the privilege may be assumed, as freely as it is allowed, of speaking frankly, though generously, of not only the virtues, but also of the peculiarities or the faults on the one side of the family or the other, without any offence being either meant or taken. This is how Mr. Firth has endeavoured to reproduce the mental photograph which he made of American habits of thought and action, and, in short, of all things American, and has thus to our satisfaction enabled us to see Americans as they really are.

‘It is thus, too, that in these lifelike sketches, Mr. Firth has succeeded in gratifying the Americans themselves. This, perhaps, is the highest testimony that can be given to the efficacy of a pleasing truthfulness. The mistake which many able speakers and writers make in dealing with any unwelcome feature in either personal or national character, is that of supposing that to be faithful they must

be severe. It is not the faithfulness but the severity that stirs the blood. Take away the severity and in lieu thereof substitute geniality, and this, instead of making the faithfulness repulsive, will eventually win for it commendation. It is thus that, judging from the comments of their Press, the Americans have come to regard Mr. Firth's delineations of their national characteristics. One writer, alluding to these, says that they succeed in exhibiting the Americans to themselves, as well as others, more truthfully than any disquisitions on the features of their national life that had previously been given to the public; that excellences were acknowledged without flattery, and that the references to their shortcomings were so genuinely human that no one could reasonably take offence at them. This is no common testimony to the effectiveness of delineation, for it is admittedly a rare achievement to not only interest those you are writing to, but also secure the approbation of those you are writing of. In this, his concluding sketch of American life, Mr. Firth lays his finger correctly on the one weak point in the relations between Americans and Englishmen, and that is the assumption of superiority by the latter, and the latent bitterness it induces in the former. It was this, as Sala told us, more than the attempt to impose taxes on them that led the original States to declare their independence; and to that same thing the colonists of modern times have not been altogether strangers. But that feeling, we feel assured, has of late undergone a complete revolution; inasmuch that no well-bred and sensible Englishman would now affect any superiority towards either an American or a Colonist. That feeling is being gradually supplanted by a conviction that one great destiny awaits all the branches of the English-speaking race, and that in working out that destiny the Americans and the Colonists will take a by no means secondary part. The brotherhood which will ultimately lead to the recognition of this unity of mission is now undergoing a steady development, and nothing will more contribute to its mature growth than the universal cherishing of that large-heartedness which pervades those frank and friendly descriptions which Mr. Firth has given us of "Our Kin Across the Sea."



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